

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED
NEWSPAPER

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INDEPENDENCE DAY IN THE COUNTRY—FIREWORKS ON THE LAWN.
FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 323.

FRANK LESLIE'S
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55, 56 & 57 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, JULY 7, 1883.

THE "ASSISTED" IMMIGRATION
PROBLEM.

OUR Government has not taken action a day too soon in putting a stop to the pauper immigration from Ireland. If a rigorous examination had proved that the "assisted" immigrants of the steamer *Furnessia* were principally paupers, is it not reasonable to conclude that rigorous examination, had it been applied, would have proved the same fact in regard to the emigrant freight of the steamer *Belgravia*, and of the steamers which have been arriving at Philadelphia, and of those which bore the crowds of destitute Irish against whose shipment to Boston Governor Butler of Massachusetts protested—of every steamer, in short, which has reached America from Ireland since the day Earl Spencer helped the women and children aboard the tenders and waved them a courtly adieu from the quay of Belmullet? What guarantee have we that of the Irish who have reached our shores within the past month there are not thousands in the plight of those "eighteen forced emigrants now in New Haven in destitute circumstances, only five of whom are able to work," which Mr. Reynolds, of the Irish deputation, described to President Arthur the other day, or of the "seventy-three" who, according to Mr. Smith, of Ohio, are "a burden upon the community of Tiffin"?

We are anxious to respect England whenever and in whatever England is respectable; but we are under no obligation to palliate or apologize for England's offenses against humanity, or to call them anything but their proper names; and when these offenses take the form of injuries to the interests of the United States, we think it is an occasion for something else than an interchange of diplomatic platitudes.

Every Irish emigrant vessel henceforth should be diligently searched in quarantine, and every emigrant who, it can be ascertained, has been "assisted" by the English Government should be prevented from landing on our shores. Our law on this point is imperfect, since it does not provide for penalties in case of infringement. But it is sufficient to enable this much to be done. It provides that any immigrant "unable to take care of himself without becoming a public charge," shall not be permitted to land. Every pauper or Government "assisted" emigrant comes under this head. He is "assisted" because he could not take care of himself at home; and if a man has been a public charge in his own country, of whom can it be more surely predicted that he is likely to become a public charge when he finds himself friendless in a strange land? A barefaced pretense has been set up that these people have friends in this country who will provide for them. If they have friends, they must be just as destitute as themselves. That such is actually the fact, is attested by all the disclosures of the past month.

England's idea of governing Ireland has always been to thin out the population, and thus produce peace. The landlords make the people paupers by evicting them; the Government then ship them away. This policy is defended on the plea that Ireland is not able to support her population, and that emigration is a necessity. Any one who did not know it before had only to read Mr. Alexander Sullivan's admirable speech in introducing the Irish League deputation to President Arthur to be convinced of the baselessness of such a plea. Ireland has 20,000,000 acres of cultivable land; yet there are only 3,000,000 of these under tillage. Another extraordinary fact is that, in consequence of the emigration, according to latest accounts, agricultural labor is scarce to an alarming degree in the north, west and south of Ireland.

But the most remarkable evidence of the rottenness of this economy has just been furnished by the British Consul-general in Hungary, Mr. Chippie. In a report which he has submitted to his Government, he states that the Hungarian Government, becoming alarmed at the "excessive emigration from Hungary, have appointed a commission to deliberate as to the best means of arresting a movement so injurious to the progress of an agricultural country and to its tax-paying capacity." One of the principal measures adopted by this commission is exactly what is demanded of the English Government, namely, the encouragement by the Government of the colonization of state lands especially by the inhabitants of the less productive provinces or of those which have suffered by the constantly recurring inundations. Yet the emigration from Ireland during the same period was seventeen times as much as that from Hungary, though the population was only one-third that of Hungary! The number of emigrants who arrived in the United States during the month of May

from Ireland was 15,163, while the number of Hungarian emigrants was only 856! What a spectacle to contemplate—the English Government of Ireland enforcing by legislation the emigration of tens of thousands of its attenuated population, while the native Government of Hungary deviates measures to keep its increasing population at home!

This shipment of Irish paupers is only a part of the plan which Lord Derby, speaking for his Government, announced would be a "paying speculation." Whether that speculation "pays" or not is no concern of America's; but when the scheme means that England is to get rid of the responsibility of caring for the destitute and delinquent class of Ireland by shifting the burden on America, it is something about which America ought to have a word to say, and we trust our Government will not hesitate to say it.

THE SOUTHERN COTTON
MANUFACTURE.

THE Southern cotton mills pay an average dividend of fourteen per cent. per annum; those of New England not more than seven per cent. These are large returns in both cases; but, in the present dullness of the traffic in cotton goods, New England manufacturers of the poorer grades attribute the depression largely to Southern competition. They say that they are discriminated against in the matter of freight rates, and maintain that lower rates should be granted them to the West and Southwest; that the Southern mills are increasing their markets so fast that they are more dangerous to the New England industry than the mills of England. There is much truth in all this, unquestionably, but the South has natural advantages which greatly favor the manufacture of cotton—namely, cheap land, labor, freight rates, cotton and fuel, not to mention other favorable features of the situation, and it is time that she should reap some benefit from them. She has sown for many years that others might gather the fruits. Another advantage with which the Southern mills are credited is the fact that they can keep their hands at work a greater number of hours. The less we hear about longer working hours, however, the better; in most of the mills of New England they are already far too long, and Southern establishments would do well to set a better example to their Eastern competitors.

The exports of cotton goods, it is to be regretted, show some decline compared with those of last year; since January 1st they have reached the sum of \$4,140,000, however, against \$4,282,200 during the same period last year, the decrease being more noticeable in the quantities than in the money values. Ten years ago these exports were comparatively insignificant; up to this time in 1873 the total had reached only \$723,236. Our foreign consuls affirm that the export trade in American cottons might be materially increased if the merchants would establish permanent agencies abroad.

LAND TRANSFER REFORM.

AN active movement is being carried on in various quarters with a view to reforming the present methods of conveying real property so as to make them simpler and cheaper. There is no good reason apparent why the transfer of an ordinary house in New York should cost the purchaser from \$50 to \$250, in these times when large amounts of other kinds of property change hands every day on a simple signature, or perhaps verbal order. There is little doubt that the present high charges are a hindrance to the purchase of homes by people of moderate means in cities like New York. To show how burdensome these charges generally are, we instance two typical cases. The first is that of a poor man who had managed to become possessed of a cottage and lot worth about \$3,000. He wished to procure a loan of \$1,000 on mortgage to invest in a little business. The lawyer's fee was \$100, and the broker wanted for his services \$50, refusing the offer of \$25 with scorn. The other is the case of a porter in a store who, after the most scrupulous economy, laid by \$500 which he wished to invest in a home. His employers kindly consented to advance \$500 on mortgage to enable him to purchase a little place in the suburbs of New York. He got some cheap lawyer to search the title for \$30. This being not satisfactory to the employers, he was compelled to have a new search made by their attorney at an additional cost of \$50, the charge being reduced to that amount out of pity for the poor man. These instances show what the charges are in the case of very low-priced property. They are, of course, increased where the property is valuable and the lawyer has a good practice.

The basis of the charges for conveying is the skill and labor in following back the chain of the title through previous owners of the property in order to ascertain if it is clear and sound. Under the Torrens system, which obtains in Australia,

this labor is dispensed with, the Government giving for a small fee a certificate to each new owner which guarantees his title. By law every act affecting the title must, in order to be valid, be entered on its records and on the certificate. By this simple and complete method the expense and trouble of conveying property are reduced to a minimum. A Bill was recently introduced into the Canadian Parliament to establish the system in the Northwest Territory, and a Land Transfer Reform Association has been formed in Toronto to bring the plan into popular notice.

The labor of searching titles in most, if not all, of our cities is very greatly augmented by means of a cumbersome and antiquated method of keeping the public records. It would require considerable space to describe the system fully, but it may be said, broadly, that the records should give a description of each piece of property, and then show what changes have taken place affecting the title. Instead of this, the records now show the transactions as between persons; the indexes give only the names of persons; and in order to follow the chain of titles, the records have to be searched, to find every transaction, by the parties interested in the title. The present system, while it may answer reasonably well in a small place, is absurdly insufficient in a great city. The Torrens system is generally acknowledged to be very desirable, but is considered to be practicable only when started in a new country, before the titles become much involved.

Under these circumstances private enterprise has endeavored, in some places, to accomplish what the public authorities have failed to do. In Boston and Philadelphia, companies have been formed for the purpose of making up from the public records an entire new reformed system of records of their own, from which they propose to give a complete abstract of any title at much shorter notice and less expense than was possible under the old method. The reform lies principally in the mode of indexing, as indicated above. Another company has recently attempted the same thing in New York, but its work has been stopped on account of difficulties with the Registrar's office. A more hopeful and praiseworthy attempt at reform is being made by the Land Transfer Reform Association, which was organized last Winter by members of the Bar Association. They propose to effect a change in the method of keeping the public records, so that their reform is not in the interest of a corporation, but of the public. They recommend the adoption of "a simple compulsory system for registering titles to land, similar to the modern methods of transferring stocks and other registered interests in personal property," by the use of "local" indexes, that is, indexes referring to the particular property, and not to the names of persons. A system to accomplish this object has been formulated by the president of the Association. The society deserves the support of the public. Its objects will scarcely be realized without this, for there are many private interests opposed to them.

GOVERNOR BUTLER SCORES
A POINT.

NO man in American politics ever profited so much by the folly of his enemies as Ben. Butler. Never was his good fortune in this respect better illustrated than in the recent Harvard College incident. For generations this institution has conferred the honorary degree of LL.D. upon the man who chanced to fill the Governor's chair in Massachusetts, and the Executive has been the chief figure at the annual Commencement. Having thus dubbed Doctor of Laws more than one man for whom such a title was simply ridiculous, the trustees this year, when one of the most eminent lawyers in the country filled the Executive chair, refused the customary, and in this case well-deserved, honor, and even failed to invite the Governor to the Commencement.

President Eliot, being a sensible gentleman, repaid the latter blunder by inviting the Governor as his own guest, and the latter went over to Cambridge to confront an unfriendly audience. At first coldly received, before he concluded his admirable speech at the Alumni dinner he had won the sympathy and applause of his audience, while with great tact he countered the refusal to make him an LL.D. by hearty praise of the college's action in conferring the degree of D.D. upon the chaplain of his old regiment. In short, the occasion, which petty-minded men like Senator Hoar, who refused to attend as president of the Alumni Association, sought to convert into a rebuke of Butler, proved a genuine triumph for the Governor, and his enemies have the disagreeable reflection that they have only their own folly to thank for so unexpected a result.

DRAWING THE MONEY LINE.

EVERY ONE draws the line at something or somebody else. We have the line between parties, Mason and Dixon's line, the social line and the color line—not to mention

clotheslines, tender lines from one's love, and quite the other kind of lines from one's tailor. Lines are beneficent or injurious, according to the character of the line and the way in which it is drawn. Anthony Trollope—was it not?—in his novel entitled "The Fixed Period," introduced his readers to a community, the members of which were not allowed to live beyond a certain number of years, drawing the line at three-score-and-ten. Such an arrangement has its advantages and its equally obvious disadvantages.

Among the socialists of our present day and generation, about the only point in which there is unanimity of opinion is as to the fundamental platform of an equal division—at any rate, a division—of property. As to how this operation might, could, would or should be performed there is a most confusing divergence of views. Still another demand of socialism is that at least the accumulation of wealth shall be limited to a fixed sum—some say \$1,000,000, but others, less narrow in their views, are willing to let a man lay up \$10,000,000 for a rainy day before being obliged to retire from his active pursuit of the millionaire business. Of course, this could only be done by a constitutional amendment or Congressional enactment, and while the fixing of the limit of wealth—the "thus far and no farther" of earthly treasure—would be a comparatively simple matter, the arrangements for enforcing such a provision would be more or less intricate and complicated, and hedged about with difficulties.

"Life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness" are inalienably guaranteed to every American citizen, and it might be claimed in opposition to the socialistic scheme that liberty to make money and the happiness to be found in heaping up riches cannot be abrogated or set aside. But is a man to stop at (say) \$1,000,000? Money makes itself if let alone, and the only way to stop its increasing its own bulk, like a big snowball, is to simply put it in solid coin and lock it up. This would, at any rate, have one advantage—it would give an added impetus to an industry closely allied to the theory of the socialist—business, in fact, in which the socialist's theory is carried into practice on a small scale—that of the burglar. The storing of gold and silver in bulk would offer a big premium on the growth of crime, and would at the same time cheat the laboring man and mechanic out of his share of the advantages which accrue to him in increased wages or more steady work when a great volume of money is in active circulation.

Perhaps each individual concerned would find his own solution by waiting till he had precisely \$999,999.99, and then sailing for Europe, Africa or Asia; but this is objectionable, since the expatriation of millionaires would have a most depressing effect on the commercial and financial stability and welfare of the country. There is still another plan: after the million highwater-mark had been reached, the happy man who had attained it might turn his affairs over to the Government, with power to avail itself of the increase and income above the million; but this, too, would be liable to objection, in that the financial department, by which cases of this kind would be looked after, would surely develop a new and appalling crop of Folks and Vincents. The fact is, there would be no end of difficulties in realizing the socialistic order. The Vanderbilts, Goulds, Sages, Fields and others of that class, who have somewhat exceeded the million-dollar limit already, could scarcely be expected to submit to a forced disengagement or division by an *ex post facto* law; pending its passage they would turn their properties into European securities, quietly go abroad in their respective yachts, and set sail for lands where the millionaire is not under a ban simply on account of his millions. Then the carrying out of the idea, as outlined, would have a disastrous effect on the rising generation, annihilating at one fell blow the principles of economy as at present inculcated and practiced; for, with such an enactment, the clerk would say: "What's the use of saving? I can only make a million, anyhow, and so would spend every penny as fast, if not faster than he earned it. But, worse than all else, drawing the money line at a million, or even ten millions of dollars, will bear down with fatal effect on these pampered monsters of greed, journalists and literary folk. Have the socialists thought of that?"

ECHOES FROM ABROAD.

THE report that an amicable settlement of the troubles between France and China has been effected by M. Tricou, the French Minister at Shanghai, and Li Hung Chang, the Chinese commander, proves to have been without foundation. So far, indeed, was this from being the case, that M. Tricou is alleged to have behaved with such great rudeness towards Li Hung Chang at their last meeting, that he refused to meet the French Ambassador again. Li Hung Chang is returning to Tientsin because he sees no chance of reaching an understanding with M. Tricou. The Chinese continue to declare that they will not accept any Franco-Annamese treaty that is opposed to China's sovereign rights in Anam. The Marquis Tseng, the Chinese Ambassador, has been in London, rumor says, to persuade England to remonstrate in a friendly manner with France in regard to her course in Anam, which Earl Granville refused to do.

The Lower House of the Prussian Diet has passed the Government's Church Bill, which makes important concessions to the Vatican, by a vote of over two to one, and its passage by the upper branch is assured. The Vatican has also been successful in the negotiations with Russia. The Government has restored to the bishops the power of removing clergy, and made other concessions, besides which it intends to abrogate the exceptional measures against the Catholics issued in 1864.

All Europe has been alarmed by a serious outbreak of cholera at Famietta, in Egypt. Within a week after the existence of the plague was admitted the deaths from the disease had reached over one hundred a day. It is thought at Cairo that the epidemic will be localized, but the British troops are preparing cholera camps in the surrounding country. Europeans are fleeing the country, and the greatest anxiety prevails.

The most significant incident in the Irish agitation the past week has been a speech by Mr. Parnell, in which he said that his party intended to endeavor to amend the Land Act, so as to make the reduced rents date from the time of application therefor to the court, to provide that tenants shall be allowed for improvements made within thirty or forty years, and so that leaseholders shall be admitted to the benefits of the Act. The Government has been pressed with inquiries as to whether it has been sending paupers from Ireland to the United States, and Mr. Trevelyan, Chief Secretary for Ireland, has declared, in the House of Commons, that there was no foundation for the charge.

The opponents of the Bill permitting marriage with deceased wife's sister have finally triumphed again in the House of Lords. They were defeated by a small majority on its second reading; but, having rallied all their forces when the Bill reached the next stage, they secured its rejection on its third reading by a vote of 145 to 140.

WEST POINT is to have another colored cadet, John H. Alexander, of the Oberlin (Ohio) District, who passed the examination most creditably, while the white boy who had received the provisional appointment was rejected. Alexander is nineteen years old, a dark mulatto, and appears in every way superior to the others of his race who have tried the West Point experiment. The old prejudice against negroes is dying out, and it is not believed that he will be tabooed.

It is not at all likely that the movement for the removal of Postmaster Pearson, of this city, will succeed. It seems to have no support except among "machine" Republicans of the baser sort, and the President will not, certainly, lend himself to any scheme proposed by these discredited "leaders." Postmaster Pearson has the confidence of the entire business community, and this he will continue to enjoy, no matter what the politicians may do or say, so long as he shall administer his office in the interest of the public and in accordance with the most advanced reform methods.

THE carelessness of much editorial writing is illustrated by the frequent allusions in the press to Governor Pattison of Pennsylvania as a possible Democratic candidate for President next year. A weekly journal of some pretensions, published in his own State, follows in the footsteps of not a few daily papers by discussing Pattison's chances for the nomination. As a matter of fact, Governor Pattison will not have attained the age of thirty-five years until considerably after the 4th of March, 1885, and he will, therefore, be constitutionally ineligible to election as President next year.

IN the consolidation of the Internal Revenue Districts the President has responded to the public demand for the largest possible reduction of expenditures. The number of districts is reduced from 126 to 82, or two better than was suggested by the House of Representatives. Of course, the officials who are dropped will be likely to disapprove of the reduction, and it may be that the best men have not been in all cases retained, but the country will applaud the consolidation as a timely step in the right direction, and at the same time indulge the hope that it will speedily be followed by the dismissal of useless officials in every other department of the Government.

THE anomalous and dubious status of the trade dollar has at length caused it to become such a nuisance to merchants that a majority of the dealers in dairy and country produce belonging to the New York Mercantile Exchange have agreed to refuse the coin after July 1st, excepting at the current rate of discount. This action was prompted by the fact that the coin, being not a legal tender, is not received at the post-offices, and is refused by many railroad companies and similar concerns. Having thus fallen into a certain degree of discredit, it has been, in a measure, forced upon many business men, who could not afford to offend their customers by refusing it, in such amounts that they have been compelled to sell it to the brokers at a discount.

THE question as to whether the public schools should furnish pupils anything more than a practical business education—whether, in other words, the general public should be taxed for the support of high and normal schools whose advantages can be enjoyed by comparatively a small number of the children of school age—has at some time or other agitated every community. Recently it has found its way into the Supreme Court of Missouri, where a resident and taxpayer of St. Louis sought to restrain the School Board from expending its revenues in teaching in the public schools of that city the languages, arts and sciences. He contended "that the schools in the charge and control of the defendants are common schools, where only the rudiments of an English education can lawfully be taught." The Court, in pronouncing its opinion, held that the term "common" or "public," when applied to the schools, is used to denote that they are open and public to all, rather than to indicate the grade of the school or what may or may not be taught therein. The term "school," while it may, when contrasted with

the term college or university, imply a lower grade of studies, does not imply a restriction to the rudiments of education. The Court, holding these views, declined to interfere with the directors in their selection of the studies to be embraced within the curriculum of the St. Louis common schools. The decision is, no doubt, sound, but it does not touch the vital point of the controversy, as to whether the public educational system, sustained by the whole body of taxpayers, should furnish any higher education than the children of all can avail themselves of with profit to themselves and to society.

THE opposition to the election of Mr. Randall as Speaker of the next House of Representatives appears to be gaining strength, but as yet his opponents have not been able to agree upon a common candidate. The ground of the opposition to the ex-Speaker is that, being in favor of a protective tariff, he would use the influence of his office to further the wishes of the manufacturing class, and so endanger the party success in the next Presidential election. The wise men of the party see that it has nothing to gain and everything to lose by undertaking to tinker with the tariff while the Senate is Republican and a Republican is President, and if Mr. Randall is beaten, the cause will be found in this conviction of the shrewd leaders. Mr. Carlisle is undoubtedly the favorite of the anti-Randall element; but there are other candidates who have some positive strength, and at this stage of the game it is altogether impossible to conjecture as to who will win the prize.

A NEWSPAPER statement of the military strength of the great European States points out that Germany, Austria and Italy can together muster 1,318 battalions of infantry, 740 squadrons of cavalry, and 4,464 field-guns; while the forces of France and Russia together amount to 1,339 battalions of infantry, 620 squadrons of cavalry, and 4,840 field-guns. This shows—on paper—a preponderance of men and material in favor of Russia and France; but it is insisted that, as the armies of the triple alliance would, in the event of war, be commanded by one head, and they could easily concentrate over three million bayonets at any given point, the overwhelming balance of military strength is with the allied powers first named. It is to be hoped that no occasion may arise for the employment of these enormous armies; but it cannot be denied that there are some signs in the sky which seem prophetic of a coming collision which may tax the military resources of the Continent.

THE liquor question is the burning issue in Iowa politics this year. At a special election a year ago an ironclad Prohibitionary Amendment to the Constitution was adopted by about 30,000 majority, but the Supreme Court subsequently pronounced it null, on account of fatal defects in the methods of its passage. The Prohibitionists among the Republicans at once began a new campaign for the same end, and at the State convention last week they won a complete victory, not only committing the party in the platform to constitutional and statutory prohibition, but refusing a deserved renomination to an excellent judge for his share in the court's decision. The convention was apparently enthusiastic and united in adopting this pronounced position, and, under the taking cry of "The Homes against the Saloons," the Republicans appear likely to carry the day.

COLLEGE quarrels are proverbially bitter, and the one which is raging in Union College at Schenectady, N. Y., is no exception to the rule. Like most such controversies, it involves a number of disputed points; but the chief battle rages over the fitness of President Potter for his position. During his incumbency Mr. Potter has been exceptionally successful in raising funds for the institution, and if he were heartily supported by the faculty, he would seem almost an ideal president. But a large number of the professors denounce him as overbearing, and a multitude of petty jealousies and rivalries have been developed. Both sides have appealed to the alumni for support, and Commencement week was shadowed by the bitterness of the strife over the election of a new trustee. The anti-Potter side scored a triumph, but the Potter trustees still retained a majority of one, and proceeded to depose an anti-Potter professor. Altogether it is a most melancholy controversy, the upshot of which, whatever it may be, can scarcely fail to damage the prospects and usefulness of the college.

THE principle of regulating the liquor traffic by law is at last established in Ohio by the decision of the Supreme Court that the Scott law, passed by the last Legislature, which imposes a tax on the sale of liquors, is constitutional. It will be remembered that a less carefully guarded measure, enacted a year ago, was declared inconsistent with the Constitution, which prohibits all licensing of the liquor traffic, but the Scott law avoids this difficulty. The law divides liquor-sellers into two classes—wine and beer sellers, who are taxed \$100, and those who keep stronger liquors, who are taxed \$200 a year—and it is estimated that it will yield the State \$400,000 a year in Cincinnati alone. The liquor dealers who have suffered no restriction for a quarter of a century naturally grumble, but the average taxpayer rejoices at the prospect of making the traffic pay in part for the expense which it entails upon the community. The political effect of the decision promises to be favorable to the Republicans, who in their recent State Convention endorsed the principle of the law, while the Democrats shilly-shallied, and hoped to make capital out of a decision that the law was unconstitutional.

PROBLEMS OF THE TIME.

BY HENRY GEORGE.

XII.

DUMPING GARBAGE.

THIS gulf-stream of humanity that is setting on our shores with increasing force is in all respects worthy of far more attention than we give it. To whoever, in viewing the present, thinks of the past and looks forward to the future, it is one of the most important phenomena of our time, one which forcibly brings to the mind the fact that we are living in a period of transition, and under conditions which must soon begin to rapidly change. But there is one portion of the immigration coming to us this year which is specially suggestive. A number of the great ocean steamers of the transatlantic lines are calling, under contract with the British Government, at small ports on the west coast of Ireland, filling up with men, women and children, whose passages are paid by their Government, and then ferrying them across the ocean, dumping them on the wharves of New York and Boston with a few dollars apiece in their pockets to begin life in the New World.

The strength of a nation is in its men. It is its people that make a country great and strong, produce its wealth, and give it rank among other countries. Yet, here is a civilized and Christian Government, or one that passes for such, shipping off its people to be dumped upon another continent, as garbage is shipped off from New York to be dumped into the Atlantic Ocean. Nor are these people undesirable material for the making of a nation. Whatever they may sometimes become here, when cooped up in tenement-houses and exposed to the corruption of our politics and to the temptations of a life greatly differing from that to which they have been accustomed, they are in their own country, as any one who has been among them there can testify, a peaceable, industrious, and, in some important respects, a peculiarly moral people, who lack intellectual and political education, and the robust virtues that personal independence alone can give, simply because of the poverty to which they are condemned. Mr. Trevelyan, the Chief Secretary for Ireland, has declared in the House of Commons that they are physically and morally healthy, well capable of making a living, and yet the Government of which he is a member is shipping them away at public expense as New York ships its garbage!

These people are well capable of making a living, Mr. Trevelyan says, yet if they remain at home they will only be able to make the poorest of poor livings in the best of times, and, when seasons are not of the best, taxes must be raised and alms begged to keep them alive.

What is the reason of this? Simply that the natural, equal, and unalienable rights of man, with which, as asserted by our Declaration of Independence, these human beings have been endowed by their Creator, are denied them. The famine, the pauperism, the misgovernment and turbulence of Ireland, the bitter wrongs which keep aglow the fire of Irish "sedition," and the difficulties which, with regard to Ireland, perplex English statesmen, all spring from what the National Assembly of France in 1789 declared to be the cause of all public misfortunes and corruptions of government—the contempt of human rights. The Irish peasant is forced to starve, to beg, or to emigrate; he becomes in the eyes of those who rule him mere human garbage, to be shipped off and dumped anywhere, because, like the English peasant, who, after working like a slave, dies in the almshouse, his natural rights in his native soil are denied him; because his unalienable right to procure wealth by his own exertions and to retain it for his own uses, is refused him.

The country from which these people are shipped—and the Government-aided emigration is as nothing compared to the voluntary emigration—is abundantly capable of maintaining in comfort a very much larger population than it has ever had. There is no natural reason why in it people themselves capable of making a living should suffer want and starvation. The reason that they do is simply that they are denied natural opportunities for the employment of their labor, and that the laws permit others to extort from them the proceeds of such labor as they are permitted to do. Of these people who are now being sent across the Atlantic by the English Government, and dumped on our wharves with a few dollars in their pockets, there are probably none of mature years who have not by their labor produced wealth enough not only to have hitherto supported them in a much higher degree of comfort than that in which they have lived, but to have enabled them to pay their own passage across the Atlantic, if they wanted to come, and to have given them on landing here a capital sufficient for a comfortable start. They are penniless only because they have been systematically robbed from the day of their birth to the day they left their native shores.

A year ago I traveled through that part of Ireland from which these Government-aided emigrants come. What surprises an American at first is the apparent sparseness of population, and he wonders if this can indeed be that over-populated Ireland of which he has heard so much. There is plenty of good land, but on it are only fat beasts, and sheep so clean and white that you at first think that they must be washed and combed every morning. Once this soil was tilled and was populous, but now you will find only traces of ruined hamlets, and here and there the miserable hut of a herd, who lives in a way no Terra del Fuegan could envy. For the "owners" of this land, who live in London and Paris, many of them

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NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

HARVARD easily defeated Yale in the eight-oared University boat race on the Thames, at New London.

GENERAL GEORGE B. McCLELLAN has become the American manager of one of the oldest English insurance companies.

THE license receipts of the Treasurer of Hamilton County, Ohio, under the new Scott law, amounted in one day last week to \$80,000.

CONTRIBUTIONS in aid of the Nutt family, whose head was slain by Dukes, are being received at Calton, Pa. The Nutt estate is insolvent.

MR. D. B. PARKER has declined the appointment of Postmaster at Washington, and will retain his position as Chief of the Postal Inspectors.

ACCORDING to the report of the Commissioner of Railroad Taxation in New Jersey, the railroad property in that State is valued at about \$200,000,000.

LAWLESSNESS in several counties of Arkansas has called forth a proclamation by the Governor urging sheriffs and other officers to arrest and punish the culprits.

VALENTINE'S recumbent statue of General Robert E. Lee was unveiled at Lexington, Va., June 28th, with imposing ceremonies, in the presence of 6,000 people.

THE IOWA Republicans have nominated the present State officers, except the Supreme Court Judge, for re-election, and adopted a platform of prohibition and a protective tariff.

MRS. POPE, of Milan, Tenn., was stung on the nose by a bee last week, and died from the effects of the sting in a few minutes. She was apparently in good health at the time.

A FIRE with 800,000 feet of lumber on it fell into the lake at Muskegon, Mich., last week, precipitating twenty men who were at work on it into the water, and four of them were drowned.

THE dead-lock in the New Hampshire Senatorial contest continues. Rollins, the Republican caucus candidate, loses ground, but his opponents have thus far been unable to combine their forces.

ALBERT AKER, formerly Circuit Court Clerk of Davidson County, Tenn., has obtained a judgment for \$4,000 against his brother, George F. Aker, once a prominent tobacco merchant in Memphis, for slander.

A STATUE of Washington, the gift of the children of the New York public schools, has been lying hidden away for years in the Arsenal at Central Park. It is now proposed to erect it on one of the boulevards.

THE Cincinnati saloon-keepers paid in \$104,000 in taxes, under the Scott law, on the first day for receiving the money, and the Board of Public Works proposes to appropriate \$100,000 of it to the street-repairing fund.

THE President has approved the sentence of the court-martial in the case of Major James R. Wasson, the defaulting paymaster, who was condemned to dismissal from the army and imprisonment at hard labor for eighteen months.

THE captured Apaches will be kept by General Crook under military guard until the missing fighting men come in as surrender. The captives are very anxious to be permitted to go to the Apache country instead of remaining among the Agency Indians.

REPRESENTATIVE Readjusters from all parts of Virginia held a secret meeting at Richmond last week to arrange matters so as to avoid the necessity of a State Convention, to adopt plans for making nominations for the next Legislature, and to cut out other campaign work.

THE Post Office Department has received information that the Australian Colonies have resolved to apply for admission to the Universal Postal Union. If the application is successful Bolivia will be the only country with an organized postal service not included in the union.

GOVERNOR BUTLER vetoed the Bill providing for a State tax of \$2,000,000, in Massachusetts, on the ground that the State is \$700,000 better off than it was last year; that the tax should consequently be but \$1,500,000, and that the State can borrow, if necessary, at a much lower rate than cities and towns.

Two additional cables are to be laid between this country and Europe. One will start from a point to the north of Glasgow, Scotland, and land at Belle Isle, which is about 300 miles north of Heart's Content, Newfoundland, the landing point of the original Atlantic cable. The southerly route will be established by laying a cable from Penzance, on Land's End, to Sable Island, which is about 200 miles southeast of Halifax, Nova Scotia, and thence to the easterly end of Long Island.

THE Missouri Prohibitionists in State convention have pledged themselves to the prohibitory principle; and where a party to which they may belong arrays itself against prohibition the members declare their purpose of ignoring that party. They further pledge their individual and organized efforts for the defeat of any candidate for the Legislature who refuses to declare in writing that he will, if elected, work for submission to the people of the question of a prohibitory amendment.

Foreign.

PERUVIAN towns are pronouncing for Iglesias as President.

SEVENTY persons have been drowned in the floods in Silesia.

THE American Rifle Team reached Liverpool last week. They have been cordially received.

LOUIS MICHEL, the French agitator, has been convicted and sentenced to six years' imprisonment.

PLACARDS have appeared in Warsaw inciting the people to a general revolt and to an alliance with the Nihilists.

IT is stated that Burmah will send an Embassy to France to ask the latter to recognize the independence of the former.

AN English clergyman was assaulted and dangerously wounded on a railway train between Calais and Amiens last week.

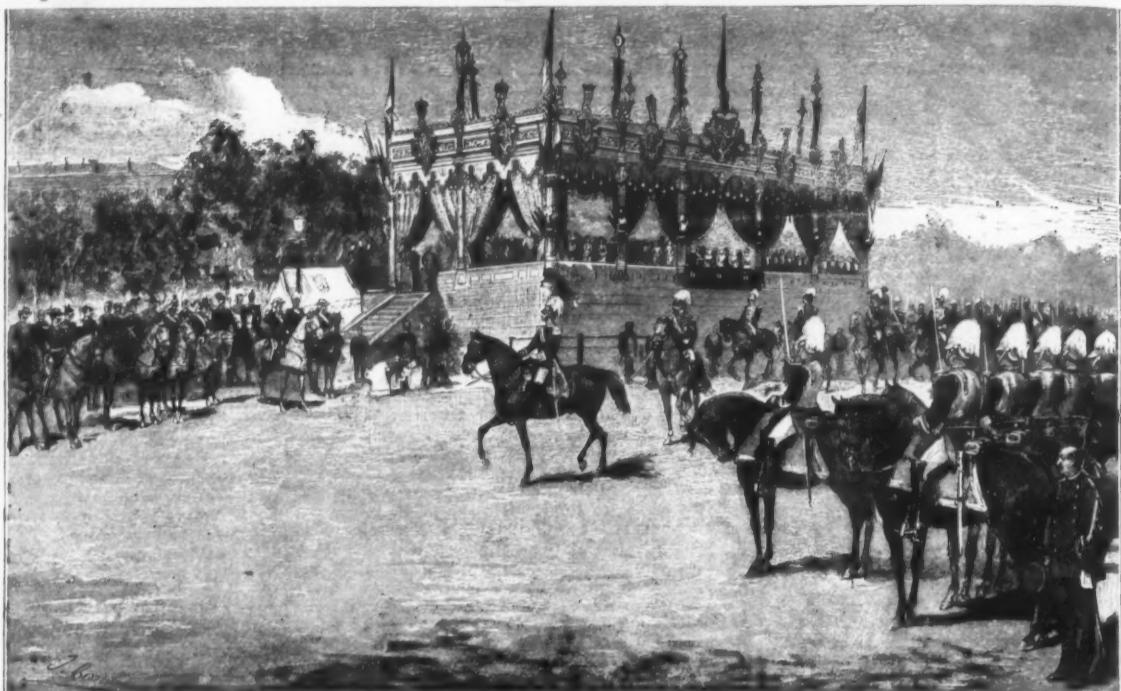
A BROTHER of Mr. Redmond, the Irish agitator, has been chosen as Parliamentary candidate of the national party for the seat made vacant by Mr. Healy's resignation.

THE new rules for the regulation of the press in Japan cause great dissatisfaction. The publication of eleven journals has been discontinued, and one editor has been sentenced to five years' imprisonment with hard labor, and fined two hundred yen for publishing an article headed, "S. m.athy for the Unfortunate Emperor of Japan."

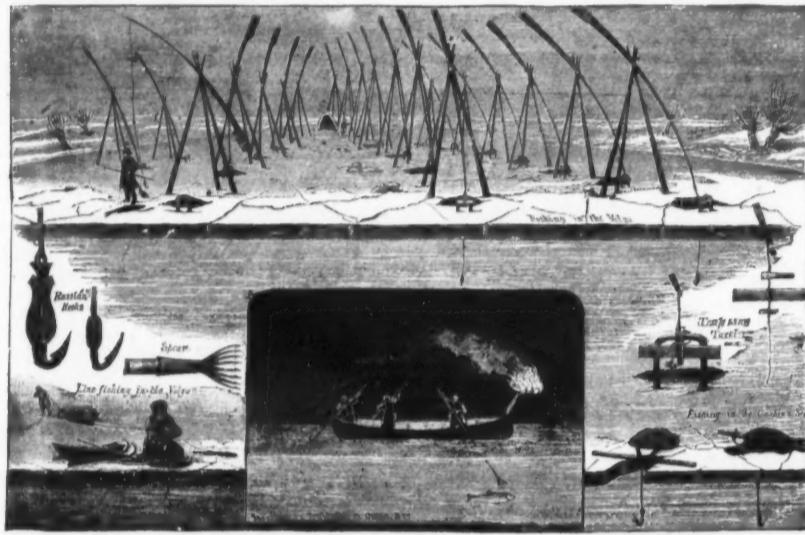
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—See Page 323.



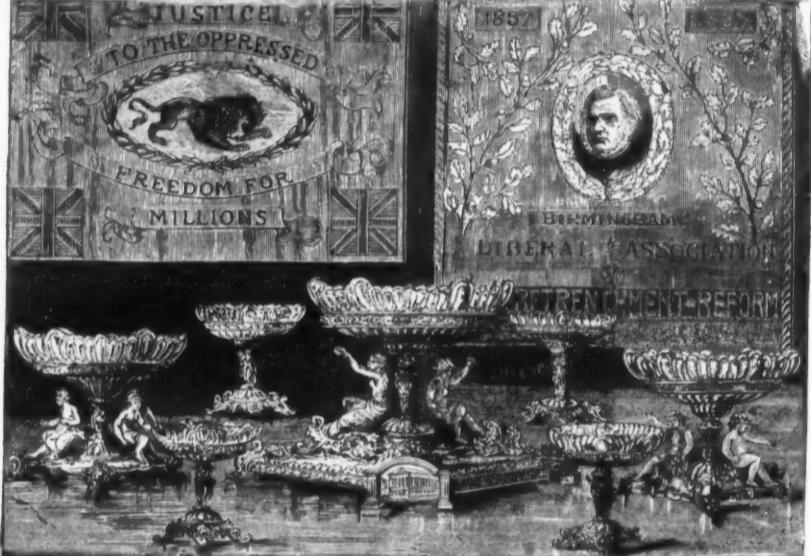
ITALY.—BUST OF GARIBALDI INAUGURATED AT CAPRERA, JUNE 2D.



SPAIN.—MILITARY REVIEW AT MADRID, MAY 2D—THE KING OF SPAIN, AT THE HEAD OF HIS TROOPS, SALUTING THE KING OF PORTUGAL.



THE INTERNATIONAL FISHERIES EXHIBITION.—RUSSIA'S EXHIBITS ILLUSTRATING FISHING WITH TRAP LINES.



GREAT BRITAIN.—THE JOHN BRIGHT CELEBRATION AT BIRMINGHAM. DESSERT SERVICE PRESENTED TO MR. BRIGHT.



INDIA.—THE NATIVE AGITATION OVER THE CRIMINAL JURISDICTION BILL. MEETING IN THE TOWN HALL, BOMBAY.



GREAT BRITAIN.—THE TRIAL OF THE DYNAMITE CONSPIRATORS AT THE OLD BAILEY, LONDON.

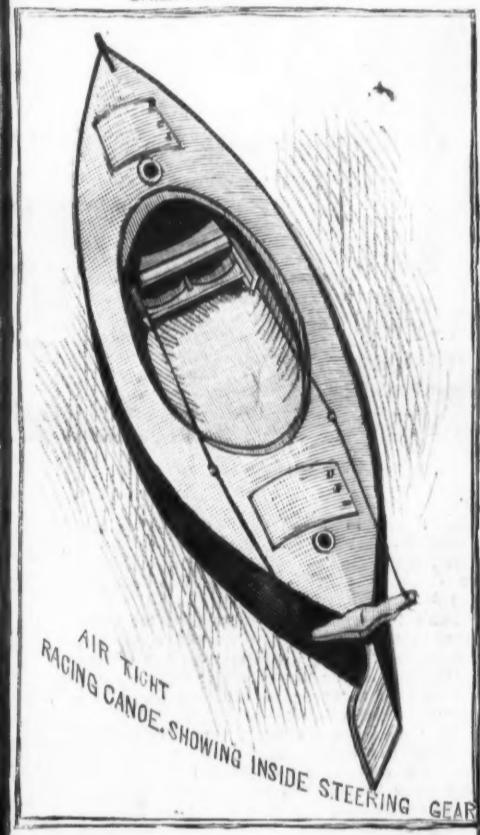


The Czar Drinks to the Army.

RUSSIA.—THE BI-CENTENARY CELEBRATION OF THE ESTABLISHMENT OF THE PREOBRAJENSKY AND SIMIONOVSKY REGIMENTS OF THE GUARDS.



The Army Drink to the Czar.



HER ROSES.

WEET love, for the roses that you wore
Against your waist, a king might sigh;
Here on my troubled heart they lie
Cradled in rest, to rest no more.

Crushed, faded, but for ever sweet!
Ah! was it fate, or was it chance,
That shook them downward in the dance,
And dropped them gently at my feet?

You did not dream, when we should part—
You, in your stately loveliness—
How close against my heart should press
The flowers that nestled on your heart!

Ah! so I keep them. Half divine
Is the dear mystery they reveal;
And in my happy dreams I feel
The beating of your heart on mine!

M. S. BRIDGES.

THE SINGER AND THE SONG.

FOR SALE: One family ghost, with big bones and plenty of them—spiritual outfit complete! Answers to the name of Joel Cardeck, and can be seen any midnight on the Boxleigh hedge-pond with its head tucked under its arms, and—what did you say it was doing last night, George, dear?"

"Pointing at its throat like this," illustrates young George, placidly, "and moaning—so—like a dog tied."

"I don't see what more could be expected of any ancestor," goes on Anne, practically. "And as the public ought to be pretty tired by this time of misty maidens in Swiss muslin and feathers, and moldy old male spirits who do nothing but prowl around and smell bad, I should think our enterprising Joel might bring his weight in gold, and if only there were chains—you are dead sure you heard no phantom chains, whose clanking melody sounded like the laughter of fiends in hellish glee, George, dear?"

"It might have been only bones," ventures George, cautiously, "but it sounded like chains, rusty ones, all over blood, and the smell was just—brimstone!"

"Young people," I observed, imposingly, "if you really appreciated the disastrous condition of the House of Cardeck, you would not—"

"Spare us!" implores Anne, who is lying in a pink gingham heap under the willows, with her arms doubled like a jack knife over her eyes. "We have had Geoffrey Cardeck with our daily bread now, until I am absolutely pining for him to take us by the back of our necks and fling us out, by way of a pleasant change. Ain't you, George, dear?"

"I won't have any meddling with my neck, though," announces the young heathen, who is sprawled out on a crust of bank, with his brown legs dangling over the spring stream.

"We are not a pack of thieves, I hope, in spite of our looks," continues my sister, in most objectionably virtuous tones. "And if Boxleigh really and truly does belong to the interloping Geoff—"

"Boxleigh does not belong to Geoffrey Cardeck," I cry, in a gust of contradiction, "merely because the will is missing—"

"But there was no will, Janet; remember how suddenly poor Uncle Joe was called away—"

"Don't tell me! Do you suppose for one minute that Uncle Joe was the sort of a man to willfully die of vertigo, and then go to heaven in cold blood before protecting us from want, when he knew that Geoffrey Cardeck would be down on us like a hawk—"

"All right," assents my sister, rising and stretching her long young arms; "have it your own way, lady; only, as I helped to ransack the house from garret to cellar, and then clean back again, you will have to excuse me for keeping my opinion for my pains. I tell you, Janet, we might as well make up our minds to be grateful to Geoffrey Cardeck for allowing us to live here these last two years—unless we can auction off George's ghost and buy the old place in."

That is just like Anne, winding up our daily arguments with a distracting sort of cruelty that makes me long beyond all things to shake her hard!

"And I tell you," I exclaim, savagely, "that I mean to fight his right here every step of the way. You submit. I do not. Alone as I am, without one friend—"

"Dar's a big white yangel by yo' side a fio'n, 'N' he's wings am do colah ob de dawn."

"Uncle Gab'l must think himself a real born robin," laughs Anne, gayly, as the three of us turn to watch him shuffling down the thread of path that winds from a cabin on the hill-top to the spring :

"N' of you'm got a bairn' you' a tired ob a tot'n, Dea you drap it'n He'll kotch it, she's you bawn—hi!"

"Mawnin', chill'n, mawnin'!" "Pears ter me dis yar spring am des' de coolies' spot on de whole fahm—pears ter me so!"

A gaunt, shriveled old creature, with a face as brown as a cocoanut and a temper as sweet as its milk, flapping trousers of faded blue cotton, and a wilted shirt as white as a curd—that is Uncle Gab'l as he sets his tub on the shady stones and dips his gourd in the spring.

"Uncle Gab'l," straightway begins Anne, with malice aforethought—I see it in her eyes, "Do you believe George saw the ghost last night, do you?"

"A chile dat trows stones at de frawg dat keeps de spring sweet," he answers, slowly, fishing from the patched depths of his pocket a gorgeous thing in bandanas, with which he mops his face, "am gwine ter see wus'n goes, fo' he done; you heah me!"

"Of course, you have seen it," she goes on, suggestively, for Anne dearly loves to wheedle the old soul out of his stock of stories.

"Des es plain's I see you all chiler'n sottin'

heah—down in dat clump o' cedars by de brash fence—now des watch dat 'dclus frawg, hoppin' so uneasy like, same's e I wasn't olefrens wib ebry spot on his back. I clar ter de Lawd, Marse Gawge, honey—"

"Oh, Uncle Gab'l," comes the pathetic interruption, "do give the thing time to get over its jumps, and tell us about the ghost; please, do!"

"It takes a monsus long time, chile," he says, uneasily. "'N' de ole 'oman's a waitin' twel I fitches her de water. Yo' Aunt Ria's done got mos' p'ticlar wib yo' po' Uncle Gab'l, chil'n, cawse he's so ole dat she can't trus'n him out'n her sight—deed cawn't she."

He seems rather proud of this disastrous state of affairs, and in spite of Anne's protests, pours gourd after gourd of water in his tub till it trickles down its cool, dark sides; then swinging it to his head with a mighty grunt is tottering up the path again, when something in Anne's face—such a pretty face it is, with buttercup hair, and cheeks like the little pink flowers that grow in the wheat—prompts me to keep Aunt Ria waiting.

"Uncle Gab'l," I call after him, "I see your tobacco looks ready to cut—"

"Deed am it!" The black face flashes into a chuckle as he turns it cautiously—tub and all—towards me. "I se monsus feard I se got de bes' crop o' bacca of any niggah clar roun'! I've been lowin' to de Lawd dis long time dat de ole 'oman's hopes was set on a two hog-head crap, and dat dar was debs 'nuf fur ter eat up es many ground leaves es He please Hisset to gib me 'thout countin' the par o' shoes er piece we'm obleeged ter buy—"n spect'n He gwine ter heah my prar, Miss Janet, honey. I trus'n in His word, an' I turns de turkey in de field reg'r ter eat de worms—"n I spec'n de Lawd gwine ter heah ole Gab'l's prar!"

"I wish, then, you would pray for Boxleigh," I say, with laughing irreverence, and I am very properly ashamed of myself when he sets his tub on the grass and answers, simply:

"I duz pray, honey. I prays hard 'n I sings. Look at me, chil'n," he goes on, turning around so that we can get the full benefit of the patches that make up his shabby outlines, "des' look at yo' ole Uncle Gab'l a standin' heah wib his wool mos' white 'n he's skin es black es pisin'! You knows he cawn't read de Gawspe! You see fo' yo' own sef dat he goes bar' foot ob a Sunday in Summer time 'n dat he's chil'n 'n nuffin' but a passle ob rusty niggahs! Now whar would I be ef I didn't believe in prar? Don't I trus'n His promis' ter wash me whiter'n snow? Don't I know Ise gwine ter hab wings ob gold'nd fedders 'n a yarp? Now, min' what I done tolle you, ef so be the Lawd gwine ter take the time 'n trubble to shine up a wulf's ole niggah critter widout a cent in he's pocket 'n owes fur de lan' he libe on, why mout'n He do as much for fus' class white folks chil'n like you'm be—dat's de quesh'n I'm a axin' you, Miss Janet, honey, 'n now whars de answer ter match?"

Emphatically there is none! There is such a wealth of belief in his homely words, such a pathetic faith in the religion he has picked up, in his simple ways, that I can say absolutely nothing!

"I guess grandpa used to pray hard," mentions Anne, with the most startling innocence, considering she knows, as well as the rest of the county, that Ignatius Cardeck was as wicked as mankind comes.

Uncle Gab'l, who has settled his tub on his head again, pauses, puts it back on the grass for the second time, and says, impressively:

"Mos' folks so'n Marse Nace down fur a reg'r Belzebub, but he had his pints 'n dey was good pints. Lawd! you all chil'n ain't seen nuf'n—you des er lib' d'af'o' de wahl! Dem was de times fur Boxleigh; you all ain't up ter de tricks ob dis yar 'ceitful ole place, cawse Marse Joey was allus des es peaceful es a little chile, Gawd in Heben bless 'm! But when Marse Nace afors him settled hisself down ter his badness, he des' uester make his ole fahm as lively, chil'n, es a fox a racin' thro' the woods wib he heall's tail on fiah—now min' I'm a talk'n! I was tol'n de ole 'oman des last night, dat ebry time I heah de squinch-owl a-hollerin' it allus sots me stedy'n ob de night Marse Nace got clar out'n he's senses 'n staked Missie Rose on de keard board—dars a wulf's ole he squinch-owl up in de pines yander—"

I, even I, Janet Cardeck, with my vengeful heart and steady purpose, have so far forgotten my wrongs for the minute that I watch as breathlessly as Anne while Uncle Gab'l stretches suspiciously towards the tub—takes a long drink from the brown gourd that bobs on its surface—and then, settling his old bones comfortably on the grass, goes on:

"Dat squinches perzactly like de squinch-owl dat squinched de night Marse Nace cussed de squinch-owl, perzactly! It was des er bout des time o' de yar, craps was wus' growin' mad alz de same's weeds, 'n de sun come down hot 'n yaller on a pass'l o' black niggah critters Marse Nace called him own. Dar never breved a Cardeck in my time, chil'n, dat eber raised a lash or sold a 'oman, 'n dar was'n't a slave in Marse Nace's but what lub'd de ground he walked on, dea de same's old Gab'l lub's you all chil'n's heah. Well'm, de house wus chuck full o' town gen'l'm down fur de fish'n an' de likes, 'n in de lot was a stranger pus'n come from clar 'cross de seas somewhere, 'n de minute he so'n hea eyes on little Missie Rose 'pears like he couldn't riz'm o'n her, nowise—dats yo' maw I'm tol'in you 'bout, chil'n, yo' own maw dat bawned you. She wus'er purty little critter, like de posies in de gahden and de robins in de tree, 'n des es full of good es a Chrismus stock'n, but she had her ways, mind you, 'n one of 'em wus ter up 'n hate dat English'rman wus'n a bush'l of snakes. Bumby de gummim arx Marse Nace furter let he mazzy her. Marse Nace he laff'n say, 'All right,' Missie Rose she spunk up 'n say 'No!' Den long cum young Marse Gawge

a ridin' to cote Missie Rose, an' she 'lows ter her paw dat she mean ter marry her cousin or die in de 'tempt—cose Marse Nace gib in lubin 'nuff arter dat, cawse dar warn't mor'n a top sile o' badness on hez heart, de roots wus all right, 'n he let dat English'rman huff he's self off quick, now I tell you. But des'er 'bout de time o' de wed'n heah he cum ridin' back es big es lie, an'—its a fac I'm tol'n you, chil'n—Marse Nace he so'n hisself down at dat 'ar keard bode'n—arter losin' ebry head o' niggah on de fahm 'n Boxleigh in de barg n—dat devil English'r say, so coax'n, put Missie Rose up, 'n mebbe he win' em all back agn—see! Fus' yo' granpaw look'd same's a thunder-clap soun's, den he cus'n cus, 'n de squinch-owl out'n de bushes he squinch 'n squinch—den Marse Nace threwh de cawds on de table 'n holers out: 'It am de las' thing in Gawd's world dat lef' me, so—'

"But he neber spiled he's mouf wib de rest it, honey, fur de black niggah critter dat was'er waitin' on de gem'n laid his paw on de keards and says:

"Marse Nace, honey, ain't you clean forgot me?"

"Get out'n my sight," bawls yo' granpaw, "or I'll brain yer, do you heah?"

"Yes, Marse, I heah you," said dat wulf's critter, "but I cawn' stan' roun' 'n see little Missie Rose set up wus'n a slave. When I sabed yo' life op de Mississippy you gib me my freedom fur pay, but it dem paper's gwine ter stan' 'twix Missie Rose 'n shame, why—heah 'l is, Marse Nace, honey, yo' own slave, safe 'n sound."

"An, chil'n, dat fellow he jump clar 'cross de room to de little drawer under de mantel whar Marse Nace lem his free papers stay, 'n he tored 'em up'n he flung de scraps on de flo'!"

"And did he play, and did he win?" cries Anne, in a gust of excitement.

"Did he win?" exclaimed the old creature, with a superior sort of chuckle. "Cose he wins! You all neber see de likes of dat niggah fur luck, ef 'twor treein' possums, or trappin' bars, or cotin', or anything—cose he win'd!"

"And what was his name?"

"Gab'l—Gab'l!"

"Hi, chil'n, dars da ole 'oman 'vitin up dis water she sot me ter fech—Comin', comin'!"

"But Uncle Gab'l, wait. Who was it—"

"Gab'l—Gab'l!"

"Don't get de ole man a lammin', chilern, fur de Lawd's sake! De ole 'oman's a monsus tuff han' at a fus'n—comin' Ria, chile, comin'—comin'. Dar's a big, white yangel by yo' side a flot'n, 'n he's wings am de color ob dawn."

We are dawdling along the shady footpath to the house, when George, who has rolled out from his grassy nest and scampered off a good ten minutes before us, comes tearing back like mad with a square of white paper.

And just to think, with all my cleverness, I never once thought of the little drawer under the mantel!

My only comfort is that Anne did not either!

PROBLEMS OF THE TIME.

BY HENRY GEORGE.

(Continued from page 319.)

never having seen their estates, find cattle more profitable than men, and so the men have been driven off. It is only when you reach the bog and the rocks, in the mountains and by the seashore, that you will find a dense population. Here they are crowded together on land on which Nature never intended men to live. It is too poor for grazing, so the people who have been driven from the better land are allowed to live upon it—as long as they pay their rent. If it were not too pathetic, the patches they call fields would make you laugh. Originally the surface of the ground must have been about as susceptible of cultivation as the surface of Broadway. But at the cost of enormous labor the small stones have been picked off and piled up, though the great boulders remain, so that it is impossible to use a plow; and the surface of the bog has been cut away, and manured by sea-weed brought from the shore on the backs of men and women, till it can be made to grow something.

For such patches of rock and bog—soil it could not be called, save by courtesy—which has been made to produce anything only by their unremitting toil—these people are compelled to pay their absentee landlords rents varying from a pound to four pounds per acre, and then they must pay another rent for the seaweed, which the surf of the wild Atlantic throws upon the shore, before they are permitted to take it for manure, and another rent still for the bog from which they cut their turf. As a matter of fact, these people have to pay more for the land than they can get out of the land. They are really forced to pay not merely for the use of the land and for the use of the ocean, but for the use of the air. Their rents are made up, and they manage to live in good times, by the few shillings earned by the women, who knit socks as they carry their creels to and from the market or seashore; by the earnings of the men, who go over to England every year to work as harvesters, or by remittances sent home by husbands or children who have managed to get to America. In spite of their painful industry the poverty of these people is appalling. In good times they just manage to keep above the starvation line. In bad times, when a blight strikes their potatoes, they must eat seaweed, or beg relief from the poor-rates, or from the charitable contributions of the world. When so rich as to have a few chickens or a pig, they no more think of eating them than Vanderbilt thinks of eating his \$50,000 trotters. They are sold to help pay the rent. In the loughs you may see fat salmon swimming in from the sea; but, if

every one of them were marked by nature with the inscription, "For Lord So-and-So, London, with the compliments of God Almighty," they could not be more out of the reach of these people. The best shops to be found in the villages will have for stock a few pounds of sugar and tea weighed out into ounce and half-ounce papers, a little flour, two or three red petticoats, a little coarse cloth, a few yards of flannel, and a few of cotton, some buttons and thread, a little pigtail tobacco, and, perhaps, a bottle or two of "the native" hid away in the ground some distance from the cabin, so that if the police do capture it the shopkeeper cannot be put in jail. For the Queen must live and the army must be supported, and the great distillers of Dublin and Belfast and Cork, who find such a comfortable monopoly in the excise, have churches to build and cathedrals to renovate. So poor are these people, so little is there in their miserable cabins, that a sub-sheriff who, last year, superintended the eviction of near one hundred families in one place, declared that the entire effects of the whole lot were not worth £3.

But the landlords—ah! the landlords!—they live differently. Every now and again in traveling through this country you come across some landlord's palatial home mansion, its magnificent grounds inclosed with high walls. But, with few exceptions, the large landlords live in London or Paris, or pass part of the year in the great cities and the rest in Switzerland or Italy or along the shores of the Mediterranean, and occasionally one of them takes a trip over here, to see our new country with its magnificent opportunities for investing in wild lands which will soon be as valuable as English or Irish estates. They do not have to work; their incomes come without work on their part—all they have to do is to spend. Some collect galleries of the most valuable paintings, some are fanciers of old books, and give fabulous prices for rare editions. Some of them gamble, some keep studs of racers and costly yachts, and some get rid of their money in ways worse than these. Even their agents, whose business it is to extort the rent from the Irishmen who do work, live luxuriously. But it all comes out of the earnings of just such people as are now being dumped on our wharves—out of their earnings, or out of what is sent them by relatives in America, or by charitable contributions.

It is to maintain such a system of robbery as this that Ireland is filled with policemen and troops and spies and informers, and a people who might be an integral part of the British nation are made to that nation a difficulty, a weakness and a danger. Economically, the Irish landlords are of no more use than so many great ravenous destructive beasts—packs of wolves, herds of wild elephants, or such dragons as St. George is reported to have killed. They produce nothing; they only consume and destroy. And what they destroy is more even than what they consume. For, not merely is Ireland turned into a camp of military police and red-coated soldiers to hold down the people while they are robbed; but the wealth producers, stripped of capital by this robbery of their earnings, and condemned by it to poverty and ignorance, are unable to produce the wealth which they could and would produce did labor get its full earnings, and were wealth left to those who produce it. Surely true statesmanship would suggest that if any one is to be shovelled out of a country it should be those who merely consume and destroy; not those who produce wealth.

But English statesmen think otherwise, and these surplus Irish men and women—these garbagy Irish men and women and little children—surplus and garbage because the landlords of Ireland have no use for them, are shovelled out of their own country and dumped on our

a portion of their earnings in return for the privilege of living upon American soil. It is merely with this view, and for this purpose, that the landlords of the Old World are buying so much land in the New. They do not want it to live upon; they prefer to live in London or Paris, as many of the privileged classes of America are now learning to prefer to live. They do not want to work it; they do not propose to work at all. All they want with it is the power, which, as soon as our population increases a little, its ownership will give—of demanding and receiving the earnings of other people. And under present conditions it is a matter, not of a generation or two, but only of a few years, before they will be able to draw from their American estates sums even greater than from their Irish estates. That is to say, they will virtually own more Americans than they now own Irishmen.

So far from these Irish immigrants having escaped from the system that has impoverished and pauperized the masses of the Irish people for the benefit of a few of their number, that system has really more unrestricted sway here than in Ireland. In spite of the fact that we read the Declaration of Independence every Fourth of July, make a great noise and have a great jubilation, that first of the unalienable rights with which every man is endowed by his Creator—the equal right to the use of the natural elements without which wealth cannot be produced, nor even life maintained—is no better acknowledged with us than it is in Ireland.

There is much said of "Irish landlordism," as though it were a peculiar kind of landlordism, or a peculiarly bad kind of landlordism. This is not so. Irish landlordism is in nothing worse than English landlordism, or Scotch landlordism, or American landlordism, nor are the Irish landlords harder than any similar class. Being generally men of education and culture, accustomed to an easy life, they are, as a whole, less grasping towards their tenants than the farmers who rent of them are to the laborers to whom they sublet. They regard the land as their own, that is all, and expect to get an income from it; and the agent who sends them the best income they naturally regard as the best agent.

Such popular Irish leaders as Mr. Parnell and Mr. Sullivan, when they come over here and make speeches, have a good deal to say about the "feudal landlordism" of Ireland. This is all humbug—an attempt to convey the impression that Irish landlordism is something different from American landlordism, so that American land owners will not take offense, while Irish land-owners are denounced. There is in Ireland nothing that can be called feudal landlordism. All the power which the Irish landlord has, all the tyranny which he exercises, springs from his ownership of the soil, from the legal recognition that it is his property. If landlordism in Ireland seems more hateful than in England, it is only because the industrial organization is more primitive, and there are fewer intermediaries between the man who is robbed and the man who gets the plunder. And if either Irish or English landlordism seems more hateful than the same system in America, it is only because this is a new country, not yet quite fenced in. But, as a matter of law, these "my lords" and "your graces," who are now getting themselves far greater estates in the United States than they have in their own country, have more power as landlords here than there.

In Ireland, especially, the tendency of legislation for a series of years has been to restrain the power of the landlord in dealing with the tenant. In the United States he has in all its fullness the unrestricted power of doing as he pleases with his own. Rack-renting is with us the common, almost the exclusive, form of renting. There is no long process to be gone through with to secure an eviction, no serving notice upon the relieving officer of the district. The tenant whom the landlord wants to get rid of can be "fired out" with the minimum of cost and expense.

Says the *Tribune's* "Broadway Lounger" incidentally in his chatter:

"Judge Gedney tells me that on the first of this month he signed no less than two hundred and fifty warrants of dispossession against poor tenants. His district includes many blocks of the most squalid variety of tenement-houses, and he has fully as much unpleasant work of this kind as any of his judicial brethren. The first of May is, of course, the heaviest field-day of the year for such business, but there are generally at the beginning of every month at least one hundred warrants granted. And to those who fret about the minor miseries of life, no more wholesome cure could be administered than an enforced attendance in a district court on such occasions. The lowest depths of misery are sounded. Judge Gedney says, too, that in the worst cases the suffering is more generally caused by misfortune than by idleness or dissipation. A man gets a felon on his hand, which keeps him at home until his savings are gone and all his effects are in the pawnshop, and then his children fall sick or his wife dies, and the agent of the house, under instructions from the owner, who is perhaps in Europe enjoying himself, won't wait for the rent, and serves him with a summons."

A while ago, when it was bitter cold, I read in the papers an item telling how, in the City of Wilkes-Barre, Pa., a woman and her three children were found one night huddled in a hogshead on a vacant lot, famished and almost frozen. The story was a simple one. The man, out of work, had tried to steal, and been sent to prison. Their rent unpaid, their landlord had evicted them, and as the only shelter they knew of, they had gone to the hogshead. In Ireland, bad as it is, the relieving-officer would have had to be to have offered them at least the shelter of the almshouse.

These Irish men and women who are being dumped on our wharves with two or three dollars in their pockets, do they find access

to nature any freer here than there? Far out in the West, if they know where to go, and can get there, they may, for a little while yet; but though they may see even around New York plenty of unused land—the greater part of Manhattan Island is yet vacant—they will find that it all belongs to somebody. Let them go to work at what they will, they must, here as there, give up some of their earnings for the privilege of working, and pay some other human creature for the privilege of living. On the whole their chances will be better here than there, for this is yet a new country, and a century ago our settlements only fringed the Eastern seaboard of a vast continent. But from the Atlantic to the Pacific we already have our human garbage, the volume of which some of this Irish human garbage will certainly go to swell. Wherever you go throughout the country the "tramp" is known; and in this metropolitan city there are already, it is stated by the Charity Organization Society, a quarter of a million people who live on alms! What, in a few years more, are we to do for a dumping-ground? Will it make our difficulty the less that our human garbage can vote?

"INDEPENDENCE DAY."

OUR picture of "Independence Day in the country" tells its own story. The day has passed with its patriotic demonstrations, and now, as the evening shades are falling, the pleasant villa becomes the centre of fresh excitement as the family, young and old, assemble on the lawn to witness the pyrotechnic display without which the day would be incomplete. We can all enter into the keen anticipations of the young people and the subdued expectations of the old, as the venerable grandfather prepares to open the entertainment. So, too, we may relish the fun of the irreverent small boy who arranges an exhibition on his own account at the expense of the master of ceremonies, though we may have our doubts as to the propriety of his proceeding, everything considered. There are hundreds of rural homes where substantially the scene we illustrate is presented on every recurring "Independence Day," and if the picture lacks the brilliant accessories of municipal celebrations, it at least embodies quite as genuine an appreciation of the principles of Liberty as these more pretentious festivals.

ALL ABOUT CANOEING.

CANOING is a comparatively new sport in this country, the first boats having been built only about ten years ago, when the New York Canoe Club was organized. At that time Macgregor, the great apostle of canoeing, had made his last extended cruise, and English canoeists were numbered by hundreds. The sport grew slowly, however, and it was not until the American Canoe Association was formed at Lake George, nearly three years ago, that it became really popular. At the first Lake George meeting 30 canoes were present; at the second, 60; and at the third, 130; while at least 200 are expected to meet at Stony Lake, near Peterboro, Ont., at this summer's meeting. The American Canoe Association has some 400 members in the United States and Canada; and there are besides at least thirty canoe clubs, three of which are Canadian. The whole number of canoeists on this continent was lately estimated to be 3,000, but new clubs are forming almost every day, and by next autumn the 3,000 will easily be 4,000.

No sport has more devoted adherents. Healthy, agreeable, exciting at times, full of novelty and variety, canoeing offers a large range of attractions to its votaries, and it is seldom that one who has once felt its spell recovers from its genial influence.

There are many models and varieties of canoes, but they may all be reduced to two classes: the paddling canoe, of which the *Rob Roy* is the type, and the sailing canoe, of which the *Shadow* is perhaps the most generally used in this country. Both carry sails and both are paddled, but the paddling canoe usually—though not always—carries less sail than the sailing canoe and is more easily paddled, since she is smaller and lighter. Fourteen feet is the length of the great majority of canoes, though *Rob Roy's* of twelve feet and sailing canoes of sixteen are not uncommon. A fourteen-foot *Rob Roy* ought not to weigh over fifty-five pounds, and a fourteen-foot *Shadow* which weighs over seventy-five pounds is unnecessarily heavy. Canoes are usually built of wood, although cheap canoes can be built of canvas, and certain advantages are claimed for those built of paper.

The true object for which the canoe is built is cruising. Hence she is made so light that she can be carried around obstacles by the canoeist; so strong that she will bear the rough work of running shallow rapids; so seaworthy that she can brave the rough waters of large lakes; so commodious that her owner can sleep on board of her and carry plenty of stores, and so beautiful that every stranger will admire her and be proud to aid the lofty purpose of the canoeist. No canoe which is not fit for cruising is a true canoe. She may be a good sail-boat, or a good paddling machine, but she is not a good canoe.

The canoeist must, of course, learn how to paddle and how to sail; but paddling and sailing, to quote the words of an expert, "are only branches of canoeing. He must learn to be a boat-builder, for he may at any time have to repair his own canoe himself. He must learn to be a sailmaker, for he will always be trying to make improvements in the rig of his canoe. He must learn to cook—in which science are included the problems of building a fire with wet wood and of finding provisions in a wilderness. He must learn geography with a minuteness with which only the man can learn who personally explores streams on which no boat, except a canoe, has ever floated. He must learn the art of running rapids and detecting at a glance where the channel through them lies—an art which, more than any other art or any known science, develops decision of character. He must learn that wet and cold and heat and damp are of no consequence, and can even be made sources of delight. And, above all, he must learn to bear with the infirmities of the canoeist who cruises in company with him, and never to shirk his rightful turn of duty in connection with scouring the frying-pan."

American canoeists are mostly cruisers, and they have the opportunity to make longer cruises than falls to the lot of English canoeists. Mr. Bishop's cruise from Troy to Florida, and the cruise of Messrs. Neide and Kendall from Lake George to Florida, by way of the Ohio, the Mississippi and the Gulf, are the longest canoe cruises on record.

There are two canoe clubs in this city—the New York and the Knickerbocker—the former having its boat house on Staten Island and the latter having its boat house at the foot of Eighty-fourth Street on the North River. Both of these clubs are flourishing, and they do good work for what canoeists call "the cause" by arranging regattas during the summer. New York won most of the important races at Lake George last summer, and will, it is hoped, appear in strong force at the Stony Lake meeting, to which the Knickerbockers will send a large delegation.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

Monument to Garibaldi at Caprera.

Italy lost but little time in inaugurating a statue to her chivalrous and beloved son Giuseppe Garibaldi. A bust has been erected at Caprera, near to the home which the hero of the red shirt loved so well. This bust bears the modest inscription, "Offered by bereaved children, in memory of the beloved head of the family, the 2d of June, 1883." On the other side is inscribed, "Caprera, 23d May, 1883, on which date was inaugurated this monument to the great Italian Hero." The sculptor is Luigi Bistolfi, of Rome, one of the most accomplished of Italian artists. The likeness of the dead hero, whose image dwells in every Italian heart, is pronounced admirable. The calm, cool, courageous expression, the penetrating glance, and the defiant frown, all speak of Garibaldi.

Grand Military Review in Madrid.

On the 23d of May there was a grand review in Madrid, in honor of the King of Portugal, of 15,000 troops and 134 pieces of artillery. On the Prado the Municipality had constructed a royal dais, approached by three stairways, carpeted in the Portuguese colors, and a perfect blaze of such flowers as sunny Spain is alone capable of producing. The Royalties arrived most punctually, and were received with the utmost enthusiasm, the royal guest bowing for fully a quarter of an hour. A royal salute was given, the cannon belching twenty-one puffs of thunder. The march past followed, the troops going at a "slow," then at the "quick," and lastly at the "double," while the cavalry came flashing past in a cloud of dust, despite the watering of the roadway by the authorities. When the bell was sounded, the two monarchs descended from the dais and proceeded on foot to inspect the entire line. The King and his guest both expressed the highest satisfaction at the appearance and movements of the men.

Fishing in the Volga.

The Russian exhibits in the International Fisheries Exhibition at London have a peculiar interest from the fact that they illustrate the methods of fishing in a country whose waters are almost continuously covered with ice. One of our illustrations gives a view of a winter scene upon the River Volga, where a continuous platform of ice forms the fishing-ground, and where the implements in use are altogether unique. The gear consists in this case of "shear legs," of which there are always a great number, and to which a few men can easily attend. Upon the top of these legs the rod is secured, being allowed "play" to swing into its different positions. When "baited," the lines are dropped through holes made in the ice, and are sustained in that position by the aid of a cross-bar of wood slipped through an iron staple. Other illustrations show the Russian methods of fishing, both in the River Volga and Caspian Sea, in which cases very little gear is necessary, and the fisherman is naturally called upon to be constantly with his line. The hooks are those generally used in the Volga, and are made with a sharper bend than those in use in our own fisheries.

The Bright Celebration in Birmingham.

The recent visit of John Bright, M.P., to Birmingham was made the occasion of a grand personal reception to commemorate his services as the representative of the town during the last twenty-five years. Mr. Bright, on his arrival, was met by the municipal authorities and escorted through the town by an imposing procession of political clubs and trades societies. conspicuous among the flags in the procession was the tattered banner of the Birmingham Radicals at the time of the Reform Bill agitation of 1832 and the banner of the existing Birmingham Association. The route of the procession was lined by several hundred thousand people, and sixty thousand persons walked all the way to Arton Park, five miles distant, where the subsequent festivities were held. Mr. Bright, who rode in the Mayor's carriage, obtained an enthusiastic reception, the people cheering him loudly and waving hats and handkerchiefs as he passed. The next four days were given up to private and public entertainments in his honor, and before his departure he was presented a silver dessert-service, valued at \$3,000.

The Native Agitation in India.

Intense excitement has been caused among all classes in India by a measure, proposed by the Government, for subjecting Europeans in country districts to the jurisdiction of native magistrates. The announcement of the Bill provoked the most urgent protestations and remonstrances from every class of Europeans, and indignation meetings were held alike in the towns and in the country districts. On the other hand, the natives were as proportionately delighted, and, regarding the measure as a further installment of Lord Ripon's policy of enlarging the scope of native authority, held meetings to support the Bill, and to protest against the angry attitude of the Europeans. Our sketch represents such a meeting at the Bombay Town Hall.

The Dynamite Conspiracy Trials.

We have already announced the results of the trials of the persons implicated in the dynamite conspiracy in London. We now illustrate the scene in court during the progress of the trial at the Old Bailey, the theatre of so many celebrated cases in criminal jurisprudence.

The Coronation Fêtes.

The coronation festivities in Moscow included a grand military *file* on June 3d, the occasion being the celebration of the bi-centenary of the formation of the Preobrazhensky and Simonovsky Regiments. These may be said to have been organized by Peter the Great, who, when only a boy of eleven, formed and drilled bands of his German playfellows at Preobrazhensk and Simonovsky—a little force subsequently known as "La Compagnie de Diversion de Pierre le Grand"—and which formed the nucleus of the first regular army of Russia. After a parade the troops were marched back to the neighborhood of Moscow, where, on the Sokolniki plain, hospitable tables had been spread for 11,000 men, through the fostering care of the Moscow Municipality—the Imperial pavilion being in the centre, like the axle of a monster wheel. Before each soldier was a plate of green earthenware and a painted wooden spoon, both of which were presented to the guests as a souvenir of the feast. The Czar, who wore the uniform of the Preobrazhensky Regiment, the Czarina, also wearing the colors of the regiment, and the Grand Duke Vladimir, in the uniform of the Simonovsky Regiment, entered the pavilion, where the traditional bread and salt had been placed on a table, and, taking up a little gold cup, filled with the national spirit *vodka*, toasted the troops, exclaiming, in a loud voice, "To the glory and success of the Russian Guard and Army. Hurrah!" This was greeted with enthusiastic cheers, and then, on a given signal, the soldiers commenced as vigorous an assault on the provisions as though they were the redoubts of Plevna.

Death-roll of the Week.

JUNE 24TH.—At Cambridge, Md., Rev. Dr. Lucius C. Mathack, a Methodist clergyman and chaplain in the war. June 25th.—In New York city, Rev. Dr. W. S. Mikels, a well-known Baptist clergyman, aged 65; at Schenectady, N. Y., Dr. Harmon Smith, a prominent homeopathic physician. June 26th.—In New York city, Dr. John Granger, a well-known homeopathic physician, aged 73; at Princeton, N. J., Professor Stephen Alexander, long professor of astronomy in Princeton College, aged 77; at Richmond, Va., General James Conner, a prominent South Carolina lawyer and politician, aged 53. June 27th.—In New York city, Joseph Spooner, a well-known manufacturer, aged 52. June 28th.—At Brooklyn, N. Y., Rudolph C. Burleigh, Consul-general for the Netherlands, aged 74.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

FREDERICK LATTON, a pork-packer of Milwaukee, will erect an art gallery at a cost of \$100,000, and give it, devoid of conditions, to the city.

MR. J. C. HARTSHORN, of Providence, R. I., is about to erect a building in Richmond, Va., to cost \$20,000, to be used as a school for colored girls.

MR. O'DONNELL, Member of Parliament for Dungarvan, has abandoned the Parnell Party, because of its adoption of the Bill for the abolition of the Irish Viceregal.

SUSAN B. ANTHONY and Elizabeth Cady Stanton made addresses at a Woman's Rights meeting held in London last week, which was presided over by Jacob Bright, M.P.

A BUST of the late General W. F. Bartlett has been completed by Mr. French, of Concord, and was placed in Memorial Hall at Cambridge, Mass., on Commencement Day.

FRANCIS MURPHY, the well-known Pittsburgh temperance advocate, who has for a long time been holding successful meetings in England, will sail for home in September.

MRS. SCOTT RUSSELL, widow of the eminent English engineer and inventor, is to receive a pension of £70, in consideration of her husband's services to the science of naval architecture.

POSTMASTER-GENERAL GRESHAM has selected Charles M. Walker, of Indiana, formerly Fifth Auditor, now editor of the Indianapolis *Times*, to be his private secretary, a position which is a confidential one.

MRS. GRANT, the mother of General Grant, left an estate worth about \$10,000. Her daughter, Mrs. Corbin, at whose home, in Jersey City, she died, recently, has been appointed administratrix of the estate.

SAMUEL COUSINS, the veteran English artist, has just given £16,000 to the Royal Academy, of which he is a senior retired member, to be invested to provide two annuities to those who may be found deserving of them.

MISS STONE, the daughter of Stone Pasha, who was formerly an American general, and recently in the service of the Khedive, is said to be one of the most accomplished linguists in the world, and the best Arabic scholar of her sex.

COMMISSIONER OF AGRICULTURE LORING has appointed the Rev. N. H. Egerton, of Williamstown, Mass., to be Chief of the Forestry Division of the Department of Agriculture. Mr. Egerton has made a special study of forestry.

THE WILL of the late Archbishop Wood of Philadelphia bequeaths all his effects, real and personal, to his successor in office, in trust for his use as such Archbishop, and to be transmitted for the like use to his successor in the Church.

THE Duchesse d'Uzes, who is probably the only lady in Western Europe who is the actual mistress of a pack of hounds, sent thirty-six of the animals with which she hunted last winter in the Forest of Rambouillet to the French bench show, and these hounds were awarded a prize.

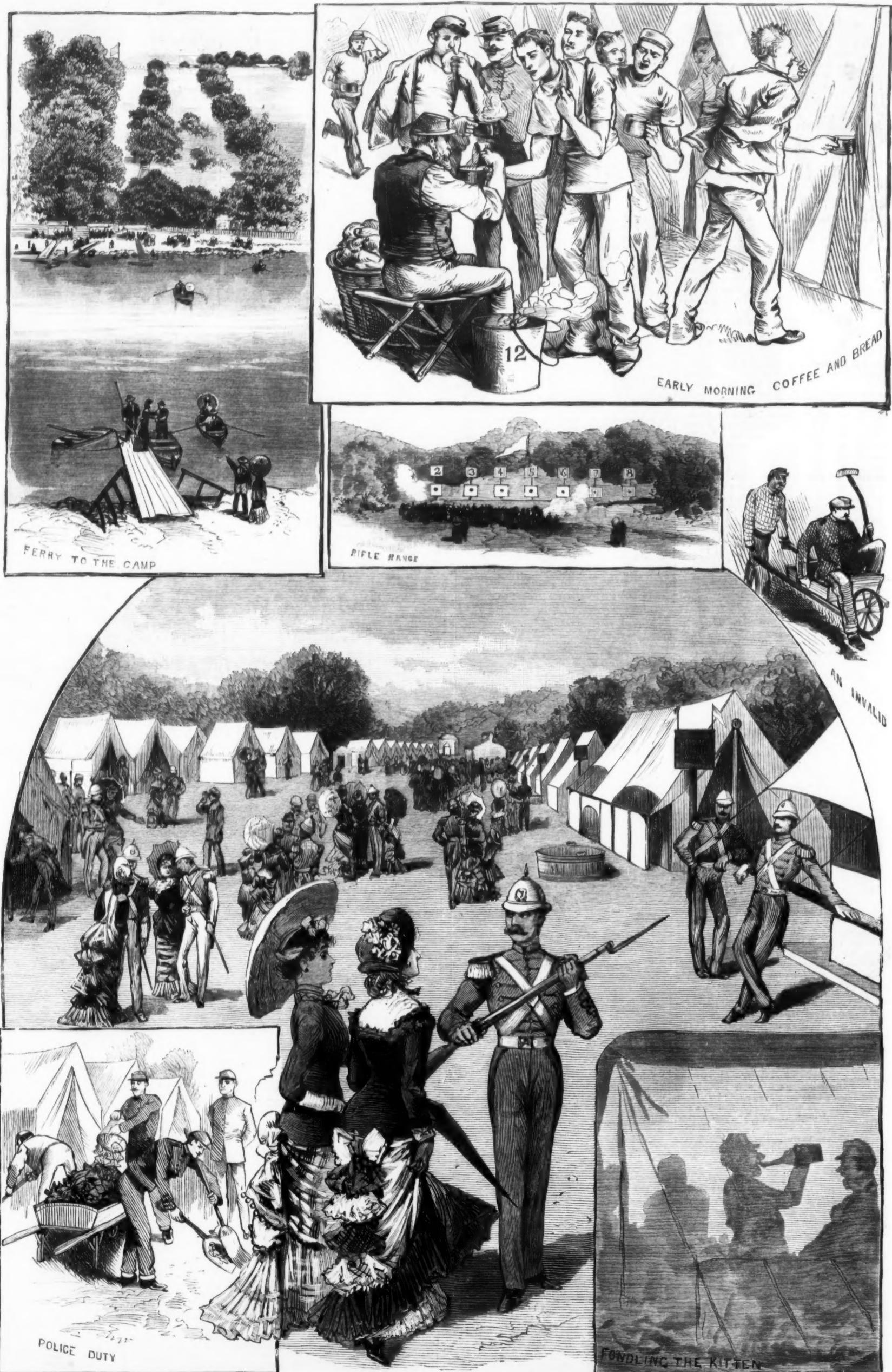
THE condition of Queen Victoria has greatly improved. She was able to walk from the train to her carriage on her arrival at Windsor from Balmoral. She has invited the painter Angel to come to England and make a life-size portrait of her, which she will present to the Emperor William on the twenty-fifth anniversary of his assumption of the Regency of Prussia.

THE British corvette *Canada*, with Prince George of Wales, son of the Prince of Wales, aboard as an ordinary midshipman, has sailed for her future station in Canadian waters. The young prince has been ordered to perform the regular duties of an ordinary midshipman. He will mess in the gun-room with the other midshipmen, and will be allowed no distinction whatever.

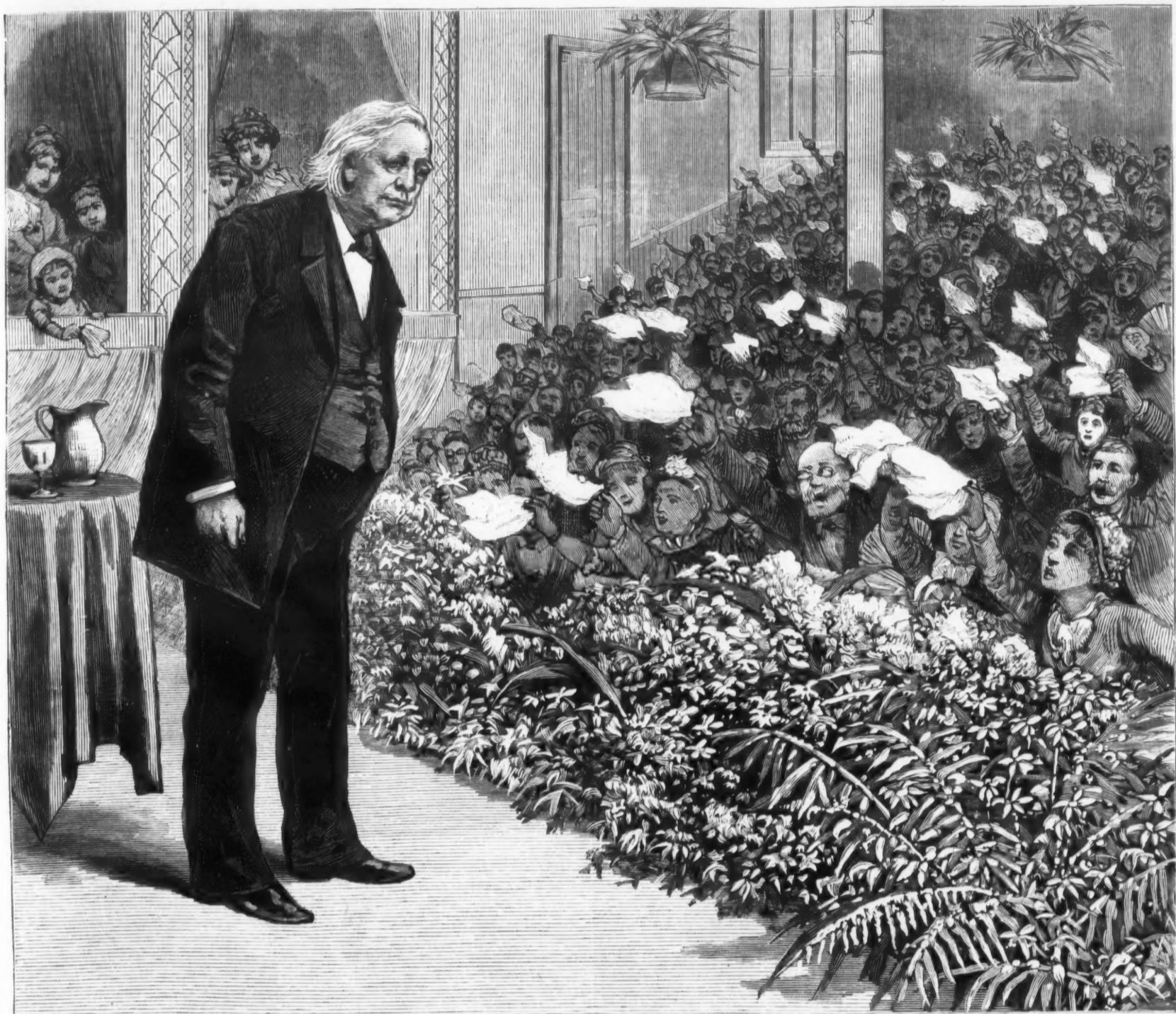
MISS ROSALIND A. YOUNG, a descendant of one of the mutineers of the *Bounty*, has written to a Boston acquaintance concerning affairs on Pitcairn Island. She declares that the young people have gone "music mad" there, though their best instrument is an organ. Miss Young is a woman of education and fine feeling, nor does it seem strange to her that she should go barefooted all the year around.

JOHN BROWN died intestate. An inventory of his effects shows that he left six thousand eight hundred pounds cash in the bank. The inscription on the Queen's monument in Crathie churchyard speaks of him as her "devoted, faithful, personal attendant; her beloved friend; that kind of friend on whose fidelity you count; that kind of friend given you by circumstances over which you have no control; a friend who was God's own gift."

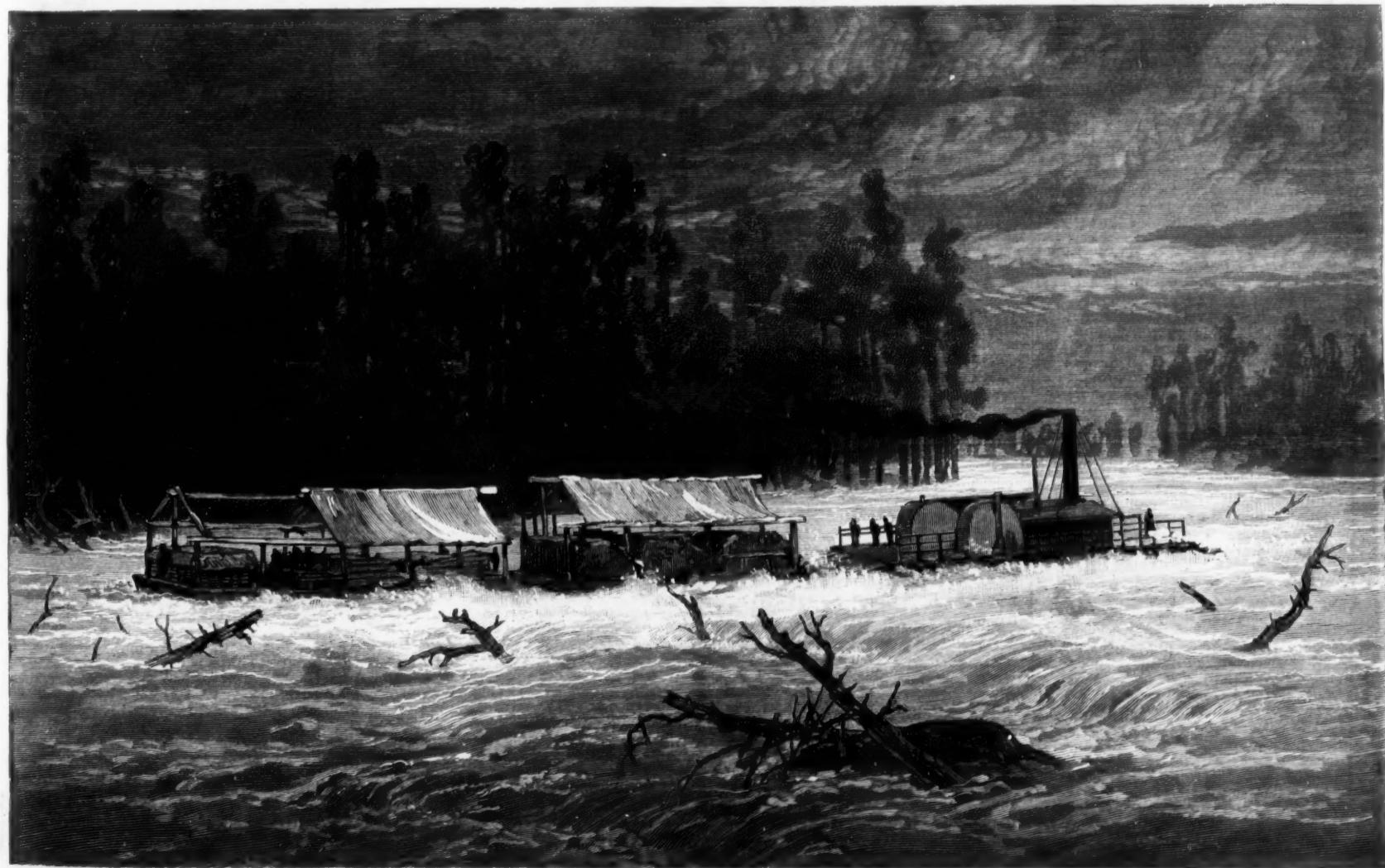
MRS. FRANK LESLIE, during her stay in London, has been the recipient of marked attentions from many people of social and literary prominence. Entertainments in her honor have been given by Lord Houghton, Lady Wilde, Lady Brassey and others, and she has been brought into pleasant contact with some of the most distinguished representatives of English literature, including the Brownings, at whose hands she received special courtesies. Mrs. Leslie, after spending some time in Paris, will return to this country about the 1st of August.



NEW YORK.—THE STATE CAMP OF INSTRUCTION AT PEEKSKILL—A DAY WITH THE SEVENTH REGIMENT.
FROM SKETCHES BY C. H. UPHAM.—SEE PAGE 327.



NEW YORK.—RECEPTION OF HENRY WARD BEECHER AT THE BROOKLYN ACADEMY OF MUSIC, JUNE 25TH, ON THE OCCASION OF HIS 70TH BIRTHDAY.
FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 327.



ARKANSAS.—THE "JUNE RISE" IN THE ARKANSAS RIVER.—FARMERS IN THE OVERFLOWED DISTRICT, NEAR NEW GASCONY, REMOVING THEIR EFFECTS ON IMPROVISED FLATBOATS.
FROM A SKETCH BY H. J. LEWIS.—SEE PAGE 329.

HAND AND RING.

[CO VIGHT.]

BY ANNA KATHARINE GREEN,
AUTHOR OF "THE LEAVENWORTH CASE," "THE SWORD
OF DAMOCLES," "THE DEFENSE OF THE
BRIDE," ETC., ETC.

BOOK II.

THE WEAVING OF A WEB.

CHAPTER XIX.—MR. FERRIS.

"Which of you have done this?"
—MACBETH.

"What have we here?"
—TEMPEST.

MR. FERRIS sat in his office in a somewhat gloomy frame of mind. There had been bad news from the jail that morning. Mr. Hildreth had attempted suicide the night before, and was now lying in a critical condition at the hospital.

Mr. Ferris himself had never doubted this man's guilt. From Hildreth's first appearance at the inquest, the District-attorney had fixed upon him as the murderer of Mrs. Clemmons, and up to this time he had seen no good and substantial reason for altering his opinion.

Even the doubts expressed by Mr. Byrd had moved him but little. Mr. Byrd was an enthusiast, and, naturally enough, shrank from believing a gentleman capable of such a crime. But the other detective's judgment was unswayed, and he considered Hildreth guilty. It was not astonishing, then, that the opinion of Mr. Ferris should coincide with that of the older and more experienced man.

But the depth of despair or remorse which had led Mr. Hildreth to this desperate attempt upon his own life had struck the District-attorney with dismay. Though not over sensitive by nature, he could not help feeling sympathy for the misery that had prompted such a deed, and while secretly regarding this unsuccessful attempt at suicide as an additional proof of guilt, he could not forbear satisfying himself by a review of the evidence elicited at the inquest, that the action of the authorities in arresting this man had been both warrantable and necessary.

The result was satisfactory in all but one point. When he came to the widow's written accusation against one by the name of Gouverneur Hildreth, he was impressed by a fact that had hitherto escaped his notice. This was the yellowness of the paper upon which it was written. It had been transcribed a dozen years before it would not have looked older, nor would the ink have presented a more faded appearance. Now, as the suspected man was under twenty-five years of age, and must, therefore, have been a mere child when the paper was drawn up, the probability was that the Gouverneur intended was the prisoner's father, their names being identical.

But this discovery, while it robbed the affair of its most dramatic feature, could not affect in any serious way the extreme significance of the remaining real and compromising facts which told so heavily against this unfortunate man. Indeed, the well-known baseness of the father made it easier to distrust the son, and Mr. Ferris had just come to the conclusion that his duty impelled him to draw up an indictment against the would-be suicide when the door opened, and Mr. Byrd and Hickory came in.

To see these two men in conjunction was a surprise to the District-attorney. He, however, had no time to express himself on the subject, for Mr. Byrd, stepping forward, immediately remarked :

"Mr. Hickory and I have been in consultation, sir; and we have a few facts to give you that we think will alter your opinion as to the person who murdered Mrs. Clemmons."

"Is this so?" cried Mr. Ferris, looking at Hickory with a glance indicative of doubt.

"Yes, sir," exclaimed that not easily abashed individual, with an emphasis decided enough to show the state of his feelings on the subject. "After I last saw you a woman came in my way and put into my hands so fresh and promising a clasp, that I dropped the old scent and once and made instanter for the new game. But I soon found I was not the only sportsman on this trail. Before I had taken a dozen steps I ran upon this gentleman, and, finding him true grit, struck up a partnership with him that has led to our bringing down the quarry together."

"Humph!" quoth the District-attorney. "Some very remarkable discoveries must have come to light to influence the judgment of two such men as yourselves."

"You are right," rejoined Mr. Byrd. "In fact, I should not be surprised if this case proved to be one of the most remarkable on record. It is not often that equally convincing evidence of guilt is found against two men having no apparent connection."

"And have you collected such evidence?"

"We have."

"And who is the person you consider equally open to suspicion with Mr. Hildreth?"

"Craik Mansell, Mrs. Clemmons's nephew."

The surprise of the District-attorney was, as Mr. Hickory in later days remarked, nuts to him. The solemn nature of the business he was engaged upon never disturbed this hardy detective's sense of the ludicrous, and he indulged in one of his deepest chuckles as he met the eye of Mr. Ferris.

"One never knows what they are going to run upon in a chase of this kind, do they, sir?" he remarked, with the greatest cheerfulness. "Mr. Mansell is no more of a gentleman than Mr. Hildreth; yet, because he is the second one of his caste who has attracted our attention, you are naturally very much surprised. But wait till you hear what we have to tell you. I am confident you will be satisfied with our reasons for suspecting this new party." And he glanced at Mr. Byrd, who, seeing no cause for delay, proceeded to unfold

before the District attorney the evidence they had collected against Mr. Mansell.

It was strong, telling and seemingly conclusive, as we already know; and awoke in the mind of Mr. Ferris the greatest perplexity of his life. It was not simply that the facts urged against Mr. Mansell were of the same circumstantial character and of almost the same significance to those already urged against Mr. Hildreth, but that the association of Miss Dare's name with this new theory of suspicion presented difficulties, if it did not involve consequences, calculated to make any friend of Mr. Orcutt quail. And Mr. Ferris was such a friend, and knew very well the violent nature of the shock which this eminent lawyer would experience at discovering the re-actions held by this trusted woman towards a man suspected of crime.

Then Miss Dare herself! Was this beautiful and cherished woman, hitherto believed by all who knew her to be set high above the reach of reproach, to be dragged down from her pedestal and submitted to the curiosities of the rabble, if not to their insinuations and reproach? It seemed hard, even to this stern, dry searcher among dead men's bones; it seemed both hard and bitter. And yet, because he was an honest man, he had no thought of paltering with his duty. He could only take time to make sure what that duty was. He accordingly refrained from expressing any opinion in regard to Mr. Mansell's culpability to the two detectives, and finally sent them away without giving them any special orders.

But a day or two after this he sent for them again, and said :

"Since I have seen you I have considered, with due carelessness, the various facts presented me in support of your belief that Craik Mansell is the man who assailed the Widow Clemmons, and have weighed them against the equally significant facts pointing towards Mr. Hildreth as the guilty party, and find but one link lacking in the former chain of evidence that is not lacking in the latter; and that is this: Mrs. Clemmons, in the one or two lucid moments which returned to her after the assault, gave utterance to an exclamation which many think was meant to serve as a guide in determining the person of her murderer. She said, 'Ring,' as Mr. Byrd here will doubtless remember, and then 'Hand,' as if she wished to fix upon the minds of those about her that the hand uplifted against her wore a ring. At all events, such conclusion is plausible enough, and led to my making an experiment yesterday, which has, for ever, set the matter at rest in my own mind. I took my stand at the huge clock in her house, just in the attitude she was supposed to occupy when struck, and, while in this position, ordered my clerk to advance upon me from behind with his hands clasped about a stick of wood, which he was to bring down within an inch of my head. This was done, and while his arm was in the act of descending, I looked to see if by a quick glance from the corner of my eye I could detect the broad seal ring I had previously pushed upon his little finger. I discovered that I could; that indeed it was all of the man which I could distinctly see without turning my head completely around. The ring, then, is an important feature in this case, a link without which any chain of evidence forged for the express purpose of connecting a man with this murder must necessarily remain incomplete and consequently useless. But amongst the suspicious circumstances brought to bear against Mr. Mansell, I discern no token of a connection between him and any such article, while we all know that Mr. Hildreth not only wore a ring on the day of the murder, but considered the circumstance so much in his own favor, that he slipped it off his finger when he began to see the shadow of suspicion falling upon him."

"You have, then, forgotten the diamond I picked up from the floor of Mrs. Clemmons's dining-room on the morning of the murder?" suggested Mr. Byrd, with great reluctance.

"No," answered the District-attorney, shortly. "But Miss Dare distinctly avowed that ring to be hers, and you have brought me no evidence as yet to prove her statement false. If you can supply such proof, or if you can show that Mr. Mansell had that ring on his hand when he entered Mrs. Clemmons's house on the fatal morning—another fact, which, by-the-way, rests as yet upon inference only—I shall consider the case against him as strong as that against Mr. Hildreth; otherwise, not."

Mr. Byrd, with the vivid remembrance before him of Miss Dare's looks and actions in the scene he had witnessed between her and the supposed Mansell in the hut, smiled with secret bitterness over this attempt of the District-attorney to shut his eyes to the evident guiltiness of this man.

Mr. Ferris saw this smile, and instantly became irritated.

"I do not doubt any more than yourself," said he, in changed voice, "that this young man allowed his mind to dwell upon the possible advantages which might accrue to himself if his aunt should die. He may even have gone so far as to meditate the commission of a crime to insure these advantages. But whether the crime which did indeed take place the next day in his aunt's house was the result of his meditations, or whether he found his own purpose forestalled by an attack made by another person possessing no less interest than himself in seeing this woman dead, is not determined by the evidence you bring."

"Then you do not favor his arrest?" inquired Mr. Byrd.

"No. The vigorous measures which were taken in Mr. Hildreth's case, and the unfortunate event to which they have led, are terrible enough to satisfy the public craving after excitement for a week at least. I am not fond of driving men to madness myself, and unless I can be made to see that my duty demands a complete transferal of my suspicions from Hildreth to Mansell, I can advise nothing more than a close but secret surveillance of

the latter's movements until the action of the Grand Jury determines whether the evidence against Mr. Hildreth is sufficient to hold him for trial."

Mr. Byrd, who had such solid, if private and uncommunicable, reasons for believing in the guilt of Craik Mansell, was somewhat taken aback at this unlooked for decision of Mr. Ferris, and, remembering the temptation which a man like Hickory must feel to make his cause good at all hazards, cast towards him a sharp look in some doubt as to whether this blunt-spoken detective could be relied upon to keep his promise in the face of this manifest disappointment.

But Hickory had given his word, and Hickory remained firm; and Mr. Byrd, somewhat relieved in his own mind, was about to utter his acquiescence in the District-attorney's views, when a momentary interruption occurred which gave him an opportunity to exchange a few words aside with his colleague.

"Hickory," whispered he, "what do you think of this objection which Mr. Ferris makes?"

"I?" was the hurried reply. "Oh, I think there is something in it."

"Something in it?"

"Yes. Mr. Mansell is the last man to wear a ring, I must acknowledge. Indeed, I took some pains while in Buffalo to find out if he ever indulged in any such vanity, and was told decidedly No. As to the diamond you mentioned, that is certainly entirely too rich a jewel for a man like him to possess. I—I am afraid the absence of this link in our chain of evidence is fatal. I shouldn't wonder if the old scent was the best, after all."

"But Miss Dare—her feelings and her convictions, as manifested by the words she made use of in the hut?" objected Mr. Byrd.

"Oh! she thinks he is guilty, of course!"

She thinks! Mr. Byrd stared at him for a minute in silence. She thinks! Then there was a possibility, it seems, that it was only her thought, and that Mr. Mansell was not really the culpable man he had been brought to consider him.

But here an exclamation, uttered by Mr. Ferris, called their attention back to that gentleman. He was reading a letter which had evidently been just brought in, and his expression was one of amazement, mixed with doubt. As they looked towards him they met his eye, which had a troubled and somewhat abashed expression, which convinced them that the communication he held in his hand was in some way connected with the matter under consideration.

Surprised themselves, they unconsciously started forward, when, in a dry and not altogether pleased tone, the District-attorney observed :

"This affair seems to be full of coincidences. You talk of a missing link, and it is immediately thrust under your nose. Read that!"

And he pushed towards them the following epistle, roughly scrawled on a sheet of common writing-paper :

"If Mr. Ferris is anxious for justice, and can believe that suspicion does not always attach itself to the guilty, let him, or some one whose business it is, inquire of Miss Imogene Dare, of this town, how she came to claim as her own the ring that was picked up on the floor of Mrs. Clemmons's house."

"Well!" cried Mr. Byrd, glancing at Hickory, "what are we to think of this?"

"Looks like the work of old Sally Perkins," observed the other, pointing out the lack of date and signature.

"So it does," acquiesced Mr. Byrd, in a relieved tone. "The miserable old wretch is growing impatient."

But Mr. Ferris, with a gloomy frown, shortly said :

"The language is not that of an ignorant old creature like Sally Perkins, whatever the writing may be. Besides, how could she have known about the ring? The persons who were present at the time it was picked up are not of the gossiping order."

"Who, then, do you think wrote this?" inquired Mr. Byrd.

"That is what I wish you to find out," declared the District-attorney.

Mr. Hickory at once took it in his hand.

"Wait," said he, "I have an idea." And he carried the letter to one side, where he stood examining it for several minutes. When he came back, he looked tolerably excited and somewhat pleased. "I believe I can tell you who wrote it," said he.

"Who?" inquired the District-attorney.

For reply the detective placed his finger upon a name that was written in the letter.

"Imogene Dare?" exclaimed Mr. Ferris, astonished.

"She herself," proclaimed the self-satisfied detective.

"What makes you think that?" asked the District-attorney, slowly.

"Because I have seen her writing, and studied her signature, and, ably as she has disguised her hand in the rest of the letter, it betrays itself in her name. See here." And he took from his pocketbook a small slip of paper containing her autograph and submitted it to the test of comparison.

The similarity between the two signatures was evident, and both Mr. Byrd and Mr. Ferris were obliged to allow the detective might be right, though the admission opened up suggestions of the most formidable character.

"It is a turn for which I am not prepared," declared the District-attorney.

"It is a turn for which we are not prepared," repeated Mr. Byrd, with a controlling look at Hickory.

"Let us, then, defer further consideration of the matter till I have had an opportunity to see Miss Dare," said Mr. Ferris.

And the two detectives were very glad to acquiesce in this, for they were as much astonished as he at this action of Miss Dare, though, with their better knowledge of her feelings, they found it comparatively easy to understand how her remorse and the great

anxiety she doubtless felt for Mr. Hildreth had sufficed to drive her to such an extreme and desperate measure.

CHAPTER XX.—A CRISIS.

Queen. Alas, how is it with you?
That you do bend your eye on vacancy,
And with the incorporeal air do hold discourse?

Your bedded hair, like life in excrements,
Starts up and stands on end.

Whereon do you look?

Hamlet. On him! On him! Look you how pale he
glares!
His form and cause conjoined, preaching to
stones,
Would make them capable. Do not look upon me;
Lest, with this piteous action, you convert
My stern effects! then what I have to do
Will want true color; tears, perchance, for blood.

—HAMLET.

THAT my readers may understand even better than Byrd and Hickory how it was that Imogene came to write this letter, I must ask them to consider certain incidents that had occurred in a quarter far removed from the eye of the detectives.

Mr. Orcutt's mind had never been at rest concerning the peculiar attitude assumed by Imogene Dare at the time of Mrs. Clemmons's murder. Time and thought had not made it any more possible for him to believe now than then that she knew anything of the matter beyond what appeared to the general eye: but he could not forget the ring. It haunted him. Fifty times a day he asked himself what she had meant by claiming as her own a jewel which had been picked up from the floor of a strange house at a time so dreadful, and which, in despite of her explanations to him, he found it impossible to believe was hers or ever could have been hers? He was even tempted to ask her; but he never did. The words would not come. Though they faltered again and again upon his lips, he could not give utterance to them; no, though with every passing day he felt that the bond uniting them was growing weaker and weaker, and that if something did not soon intervene to establish confidence between them, he would presently lose all hope of the treasure for the possession of which he was now ready to barter away half the remaining years of his life.

Her increasing reticence, and the almost stony look of misery that now confronted him without let or hindrance from her wide gray eyes, were not calculated to reassure him or make his future prospects look any brighter. Her pain, if pain it were, or remorse, if remorse it could be, was not of a kind to feel the influence of time; and struck with dismay, alarmed in spite of himself, if not for her reason at least for his own, he watched her from day to day, feeling that now he would give his life not merely to possess her, but to understand her and the secret that was gnawing at her heart.

At last there came a day when he could no longer restrain himself. She had been seated in his presence and a letter had been brought her which for the moment seemed to thoroughly overwhelm her. We know what that letter was. It was the note which had been sent as a decoy by the detective Hickory, but which she had no reason to doubt was a real communication from Craik Mansell, despite the strange handwriting on the envelope. It prayed her for an interview. It set the time and mentioned the place of meeting, and created for the instant such a turmoil in her usually steady brain that she could not hide it from the searching eyes that watched her.

"What is it, Imogene?" inquired Mr. Orcutt, drawing near her with a gesture of such un-controllable anxiety, it looked as if he were about to snatch the letter from her hand.

For reply she rose, walked to the grate, in which a low wood fire was burning, and plunged the paper in among the coals. When it was all consumed she turned and faced Mr. Orcutt.

"You must excuse me," she murmured; "but the letter was one which I absolutely desired no one to see."

But he did not seem to hear her apology. He stood with his gaze fixed on the fire, and his hand clinched against his heart as if something in the fate of that wretched sheet of paper reminded him of the love and hope that was shriveling up before his eyes.

She saw his look and drooped her head with a sudden low moan of mingled shame and suffering.

"Am I killing you?" she faintly cried. "Are my strange, wild ways driving you to despair? I had not thought of that. I am so selfish, I had not thought of that!"

This evidence of feeling, the first she had ever shown him, moved Mr. Orcutt deeply. Advancing towards her, with sudden passion, he took her by the hand

me now, or try to make me talk, for I must go where I can be alone and silent."

She was slipping away, but he caught her by the wrist and drew her back. His pain and perplexity had reached their climax.

"You must speak," he cried. "I have paltered long enough with this matter. You must tell me what it is that is destroying your happiness and mine."

But her eyes, turning towards him, seemed to echo that *must* in a look of disdain eloquent enough to scorn all help from words, and in the indomitable determination of her whole aspect he saw that he might slay her, but that he could never make her speak.

Loosing her with a gesture of despair, he turned away. When he glanced back again she was gone.

The result of this interview was naturally an increased doubt and anxiety on his part. He could not attend to his duties with any degree of precision, he was so haunted by uneasy surmises as to what might have been the contents of the letter which he had thus seen her destroy before his eyes. As for her words, they were like her conduct, an insolvable mystery, for which he had no key.

His failure to find her at home when he returned that night added to his alarm, especially as he remembered the vivid thunder-storm that had deluged the town in the afternoon. Nor, though she came in very soon and offered both excuses and explanations for her absence, did he experience any appreciable relief, or feel at all satisfied that he was not threatened with some secret and terrible catastrophe, of whose nature he dared not trust himself to question. Indeed, the air of vivid and feverish excitement which pervaded every look of hers from this time, making each morning and evening distinctive in his memory as a season of fresh fear and renewed suspense, was enough of itself to arouse this sense of an unknown, but surely approaching, danger. He saw she was on the lookout for some event, he knew not what, and himself studied the papers as sedulously as she, in the hope of coming upon some revelation that should lay bare the secret of this new condition of hers. At last he thought he had found it. Coming home one day from the court, he called her into his presence, and, without pause or preamble, exclaimed, with almost cruel abruptness:

"An event of possible interest to you has just taken place. The murderer of Mrs. Clemmons has just cut his throat."

He saw before he had finished the first clause that he had struck at the very citadel of her terrors and her woe. At the end of the second sentence he knew, beyond all doubt now, what it was she had been fearing, if not expecting. Yet she said not a word, and by no movement betrayed that the steel had gone through and through her heart.

A demon—the maddening demon of jealousy—gripped him for the first time with relentless force.

"Ah, you have been looking for it?" he cried, in a choked voice. "You know this man, then—knew him, perhaps, before the murder of Mrs. Clemmons; knew him, and—perhaps, loved him?"

She did not reply.

He struck his forehead with his hand, as if the moment was perfectly intolerable to him.

"Answer," he cried. "Did you know Gouverneur Hildreth or not?"

"Gouverneur Hildreth?" Oh, the sharp surprise, the wailing anguish of her tone! Mr. Orcutt stood amazed. "It is not he who has made this attempt upon his life—not he!" she shrieked, like one appalled.

Perhaps because all other expression of emotion failed him, Mr. Orcutt broke forth into a loud and harrowing laugh. "And who else should it be?" he cried. "What other man stands accused of having murdered Widow Clemmons? You are mad, Imogene; you don't know what you say or what you do."

"Yes, I am mad," she repeated—"mad!" and leaned her forehead forward on the back of a high chair beside which she had been standing, and hid her face and struggled with herself for a moment, while the clock went on ticking and the wretched surveyor of her sorrow stood looking at her bended head like a man who does not know whether it is he or she who is in the most danger of losing their reason.

At last a word struggled forth from between her clasped hands.

"When did it happen?" she gasped, without lifting her head. "Tell me all about it. I think I can understand."

The noted lawyer smiled a bitter smile, and spoke, for the first time, without pity and without mercy.

"He has been trying for some days to effect his death. His arrest and the little prospect there is of his escaping trial seems to have maddened his gentlemanly brain. Firearms were not procurable, neither was poison nor a rope, but a pewter plate is enough in the hands of a desperate man. He broke one in two last night, and—"

He paused, sick and horror-stricken. Her face had risen upon him from the back of the chair, and was staring upon him like that of a Medusa. Before that gaze the flesh crept on his bones and the breath of life refused to pass his lips. Gazing at her with rising horror, he saw her stony lips slowly part.

"Don't go on," she whispered. "I can see it all without the help of words." Then, in a tone that seemed to come from some far-off world of nightmare, she painfully gasped, "Is he dead?"

Mr. Orcutt was a man who, up to the last year, had never known what it was to experience a real and controlling emotion. Life with him had meant success in public affairs, and a certain social pre-eminence that made his presence in any place the signal of admiring looks and respectful attentions. But let no man think that, because his doom delays, it will never come. Passions such as he had depre-

cated in others, and desires such as he had believed impossible to himself, had seized upon him with ungovernable power, and in this moment especially he felt himself yielding to their sway with no more power of resistance than a puppet experiences in the grasp of a whirlwind. Meeting that terrible eye of hers, burning with an anxiety for a man he despised, and hearing that agonized question from lips whose touch had never known, he experienced a sudden wild and almost demoniac temptation to hurl back the implacable 'Yes' that he felt certain would strike her like a dead woman to the ground. But the horrid impulse passed, and, with a quick remembrance of the claims of honor upon one bearing his name and owning his history, he controlled himself with a giant resolution, and merely dropping his eyes from an anguish he dared no longer confront, answered, quietly:

"No; he has hurt himself severely and has disfigured his good looks for life, but he will not die; or so the physicians think."

A long, deep, shuddering sigh swept through the room.

"Thank God!" came from her lips, and then all was quiet again.

He looked up in haste; he could not bear this silence.

"Imogene—" he began, but instantly paused in surprise at the change which had taken place in her expression. "What do you intend to do?" was his quick demand. "You look as I have never seen you look before."

"Do not ask me!" she returned. "I have no words for what I am going to do. What you must do is to see that Gouverneur Hildreth is released from prison. He is not guilty, mind you; he never committed this crime of which he is suspected and in the shame of which suspicion he has this day attempted his life. If he is kept in the restraint which is so humiliating to him, and if he dies there, it will be murder—do you hear? murder! And he will die there if he is not released; I know his feelings only too well."

"But, Imogene—"

"Hush! don't argue. 'Tis a matter of life and death, I tell you. He must be released! I know," she went on, hurriedly, "what it is you want to say. You think you cannot do this; that the evidence is all against him; that he went to prison of his own free will and cannot hope for release till his guilt or innocence has been properly inquired into. But I know you can effect his enlargement if you will. You are a lawyer, and understand all the crooks and turns by which a man can sometimes be made to evade the grasp of justice. Use your knowledge. Avail yourself of your influence with the authorities, and I—"

She paused and gave him a long, long look.

He was at her side in an instant.

"You would—what?" he cried, taking her hand in his and pressing it impulsively.

"I would grant you whatever you ask," she murmured, in a weariful tone.

"Would you be my wife?" he passionately inquired.

"Yes," was the choked reply, "if I did not die first."

He caught her to his breast in rapture. He knelt at her side and threw his arms about her waist.

"You shall not die," he cried. "You shall live and be happy. Only marry me to-day."

"Not till Gouverneur Hildreth be released," she interposed, gently.

He started as if touched by a galvanic battery, and slowly rose up and coldly looked at her.

"Do you love so madly that you would sell yourself for his sake?" he sternly demanded.

With a quick gesture she threw back her head as though the indignant "No" that sprang to her lips would flash out whether she would or not. But she restrained herself in time.

"I cannot answer," she returned.

But he was master now—master of this dominating spirit that had held him in check for so long a time, and he was not to be put off.

"You must answer," he sternly commanded. "I have the right to know the extent of your feeling for this man, and I will. Do you love him, Imogene Dare? Tell me, or I here swear that I will do nothing for him, either now or at a time when he may need my assistance more than you know."

This threat, uttered as he uttered it, could have but one effect. Turning aside, so that he should not see the shuddering revolt in her eyes, she mechanically whispered:

"And what if I did! Would it be so very strange? Youth admires youth, Mr. Orcutt, and Mr. Hildreth is very handsome and very unfortunate. Do not oblige me to say more."

Mr. Orcutt, across whose face a dozen different emotions had flitted during the utterance of these few words, drew back till half the distance of the room lay between them.

"Nor do I wish to hear any more," he rejoined, slowly. "You have said enough, quite enough. I understand now all the past—all your terrors and all your secret doubts and unaccountable behavior. The man you loved was in danger, and you did not know how to manage his release. Well, well, I am sorry for you, Imogene. I wish I could help you. I love you passionately, and would make you my wife in face of your affection for this man if I could do for you what you request. But it is impossible. Never during the whole course of my career has a blot rested upon my integrity as a lawyer. I am known as an honest man, and honest will I remain known to the last. Besides, I could do nothing to effect his enlargement if I tried. Nothing but the plainest proof that he is innocent, or that another man is guilty, would avail now to release him from the suspicion which his own admissions have aroused."

"Then there is no hope!" was her slow and despairing reply.

"None at present, Imogene," was his stern, almost as despairing answer.

As Mr. Orcutt sat over his lonely hearth that evening, a servant brought to him the following letter:

"DEAR FRIEND—It is not fit that I should remain any longer under your roof. I have a duty before me which separates me for ever from the friendship and protection of honorable men and women. No home but such as I can provide for myself by the work of my own hands shall henceforth shelter the disgraced head of Imogene Dare. Her fate, whatever it may prove to be, she bears alone, and you, who have been so kind, shall never suffer from any association with one whose name must henceforth become the sport of the crowd, if not the execration of the virtuous. If your generous heart rebels at this, choke it relentlessly down. I shall be already gone when you read these lines, and nothing you could do or say would make me come back. Good-bye, and may Heaven grant you forgetfulness of one whose only return for your benefactions has been to make you suffer almost as much as she suffers herself."

As Mr. Orcutt read these last lines, District attorney Ferris was unsealing that anonymous missive which has already been laid before my readers.

(To be continued.)

MR. BEECHER'S SEVENTIETH BIRTHDAY.

HENRY WARD BEECHER reached the end of his seventieth year on Sunday, June 24th, and the event was celebrated on the evening of the following day by a public celebration in the Brooklyn Academy of Music. The occasion was in every way a notable one. There was an immense audience, and the interior of the Academy was handsomely decorated. Streamers of red, white and blue stretched from a central point up among the files to every quarter of the stage below. Each box was adorned with the national colors and with a shield bearing the coat of arms of some State of the Union. The gallery front was wreathed with bunting and flags, and vases of plants swung from the balcony. On the stage was a rich floral display, a bed of blooming flowers, with lilies, roses and pink in profusion, that fairly obscured the central spot where Mr. Beecher and the speakers of the evening occupied seats. Flanking this display were pots of tall, nodding grasses that added to the general beauty of the scene. The stage had been crowded with chairs, and they were occupied by men distinguished in nearly all the walks of life. The private boxes were filled with the ladies of Mr. Beecher's family and the wives and daughters of some of the committeemen.

Rev. Dr. Charles H. Hall acted as presiding officer of the occasion, prayer was offered by Rev. Dr. J. O. Peck, and a number of congratulatory letters were read, among them being a characteristic one from O. W. Holmes. The addressees of the evening were then begun by Rev. Dr. Thomas Armitage. Near the close of his address he referred to "Uncle Tom's Cabin," which called forth immense cheering, and the audience could not be quieted until Mrs. Stowe, in response to this ovation, arose in her seat and bowed her acknowledgments. Addresses were also made by Rev. Robert Collyer, Rev. Justin D. Fulton, Mayor Low, and John Barry, Member of Parliament for Wexford, Ireland. Dr. Hall then presented Mr. Beecher. The scene as he rose from his chair to address his friends and admirers was almost bewildering. The audience, which had been anxiously waiting for him and the opportunity to express its feelings of regard, rose in a mass and gave way to a spontaneous outburst of enthusiasm; women waved their handkerchiefs, men jumped upon their seats and waved their arms, and all helped to make the applause enthusiastic and sweeping. Cheer upon cheer was given. Mr. Beecher stood apparently calm in the sea of welcome which rolled around him, and waited for it to subside. It partly died away, and then again broke out in redoubled force.

Mr. Beecher's address was in his happiest vein. He deprecated the commendatory tone of the previous speakers as to his agency in the progress of the age, and said: "All the way up from my childhood the world has been moving, and I have been moving simply because I was one of God's passengers. He was carrying the whole world along, and I could not afford to be left behind. But, to suppose that I had anything to do with it, and that it sprang from my brain, genius, purpose, is almost blasphemy to my feelings." A little further on he said: "I accept, then, in some sort, this gathering, not as a testimony to me, but as a testimony to my Lord and my Saviour. Whatever fault has marred the symmetry of my life is my own, and whatever thing has helped you or helped other men is the Lord's, whose servant I am, and whose shoe-latches I am not worthy to unloose. I would not have you think that I take all the compliments to myself that have been uttered, and yet I do take that love that led you to exaggerate the truth and the measures and the proportions of praise. I love men so much that I like, above all other things in the world, to be loved."

He closed with warm words of greeting to all who shared in the testimonial to him, and dismissed the audience with the benediction.

THE SEVENTH REGIMENT IN CAMP.

NEW YORK'S crack regiment, the famous Seventh, has been taking its turn at the State Camp of Instruction near Peekskill. Nearly seven hundred men responded to the call, and went through the usual round with great skill. The dress parades and field evolutions were especially fine. But not all the work was of the show order. At six o'clock one morning Captains Price and Bacon, of Companies H and K, marched their men to different parts of the grounds during the hour for company drill and put them through a skirmish exercise. They defended inaccessible heights against imaginary savagery, and deployed through the wet, slippery grass, marched over stone walls, through thick bushes, around hills, and back to the grounds, with much glory and very wet feet. The rifle practice was under the charge of General Robbins, the Inspector-general of Rifle Practice, and Captain Palmer, the regimental inspector, and the sharp reports from the butts were heard in the camp at rapid intervals during the entire day.

The members of the Seventh pride themselves on their athletic attainments. They are represented in nearly every rowing and athletic club in New York, and the camp-ground sometimes resembled a college campus more than a State camp. Baseball bats and boxing-gloves fill a much larger space in the regimental baggage than the books or musical instruments. Matches between picked nines from different companies, boxing matches and other athletic exercises varied the monotony of the drill. Police duty was regularly performed, and with a thoroughness in every way commendable. The citizen soldiers are jolly folk, and jokes and pranks followed each other in quick succession. There were cases, too, of curious evasions of camp regulations. Company D, for instance, presented Captain Kipp with a kitten, and the kitten strayed into a neighbor's tent. For hours people sought the tent and explained that they were going to see the kitten. They were unmindful of the fact that the walls of a tent, when it is lighted, exhibit in black shadows whatever is done between them and the lamp. The shadow pantomime when the officer of the guard lifted the kitten to his lips was edifying to the throng outside.

The sanitary condition of the men was excellent throughout the encampment, and the week proved agreeable and advantageous to the whole regiment.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—THE Lower House of the Diet has passed the Prussian Church Bill by a vote of 224 to 107.

—FEARS are entertained of a rice famine in Java. Disease has destroyed 200,000 acres of the crop.

—THE Secretary of the Navy has directed a wholesale reduction in the working force of the several navy-yards.

—THE municipality of Paris has voted 10,000 francs to defray the expenses of delegates from that city to the forthcoming Boston Exhibition.

—THE Tell Chapel on Lake Lucerne, which was recently restored by a society of Swiss artists, has been formally handed over to the Government of the Canton of Uri.

—A GRAVEL train on the Northern Pacific Railroad, with one hundred Chinamen on board, ran into a wood train at the Heron (Montana) siding, a few days ago, instantly killing eighteen Chinamen and wounding twenty-five others.

—THE internal revenue receipts for May, 1883, were \$346,818 greater than for May of last year. The total receipts for the first eleven months of the present fiscal year were \$134,664,758, as against \$133,608,009 for the same period of 1882.

—IT is reported that great distress prevails among the families of the fishermen along the Labrador coast, owing to the detention of their Spring supplies by the jam of the gulf ice along their shore. It is feared that some deaths from starvation have already occurred.

—THE Irish party is elated over the passage of the Irish Fisheries Bill in the House of Commons, giving £250,000 of Irish Church surplus to the improvement of the Irish fisheries, the money to be spent in building boats and harbors and making loans for boats and fishing gear.

—THE Massachusetts Senate has killed the resolution providing for the appointment of the so-called "Dragnet" Committee requested by Governor Butler to investigate the charges of alleged malfeasance and misfeasance in the management and control of the public charitable institutions.

—GREAT success is attending the Mormon propaganda in England. The numerous elders and deacons are making a vigorous campaign. In the poorer districts of London several hundred converts have been secured, and in the mining centres of Wales large numbers have flocked to the Mormon standard.

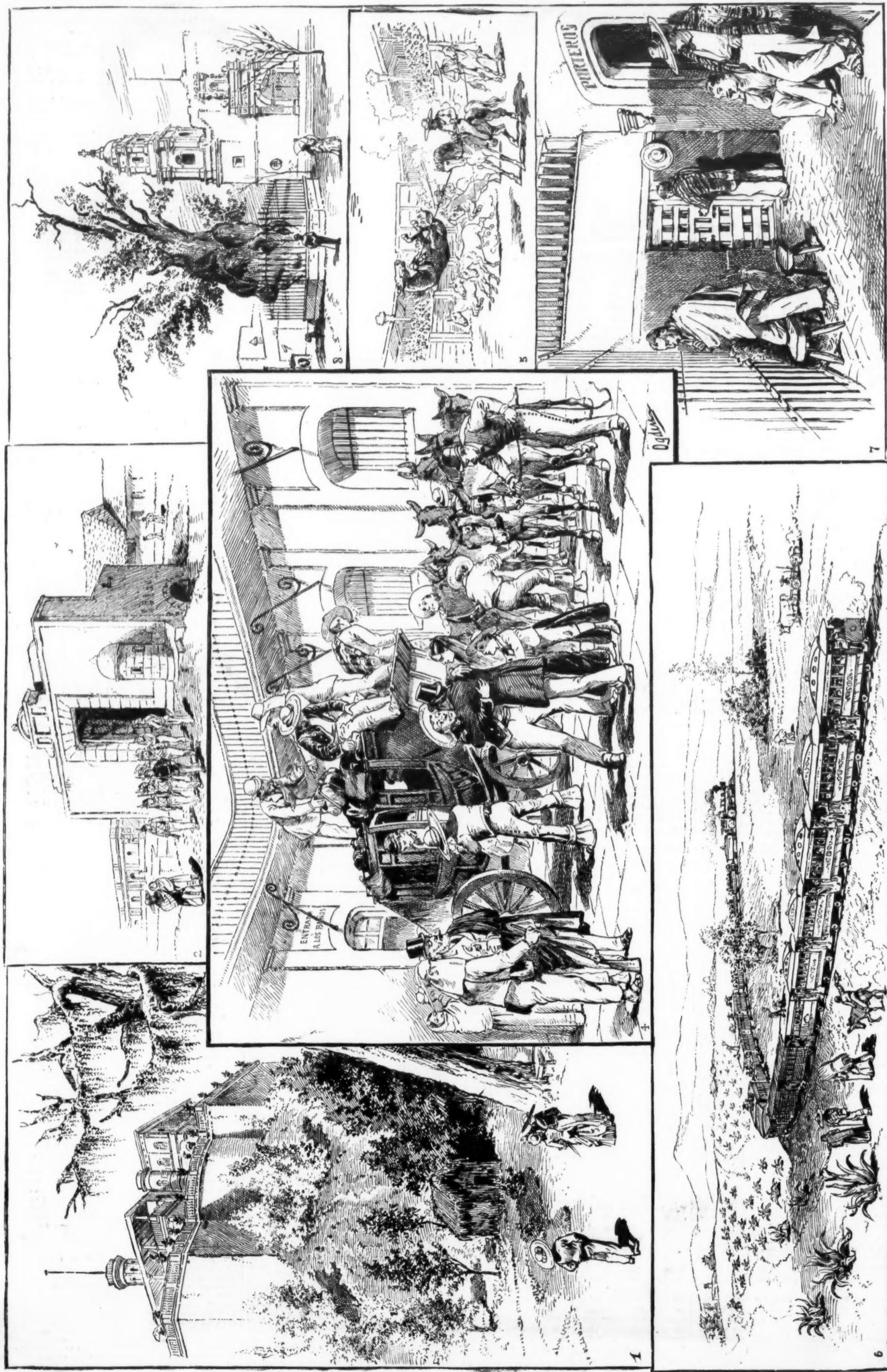
—CAMPERO, the Bolivian President, has punished Señor Izraizos, editor of *La Patria*, for having written several articles on behalf of peace. Señor Izraizos was seized by the police, his ears were bored, and he was then dressed in a suit of the coarse cloth woven by the Indians for their use.

—AN officer of the Spanish Military Administration was recently sent from Mazatlan to Santiago with \$11,000 in gold belonging to the administration. While the officer was leaning over the rail of the steamer the strap of the satchel which contained the money broke, and the money dropped into the sea.

—A ROMANCE is connected with one of the ministerial conventions recently held at Maracaibo. The Rev. James Livingston, of Santa Fé, New Mexico, as the story runs, fell in love at first sight with Miss Lizzie Walker, a resident of the village. He came, he saw, he conquered, and after two or three weeks of acquaintances he was made one.

—THE suit to restrain the removal of the big organ from Music Hall, Boston, has been compromised, and the purchaser will begin its removal in May, 1884. The organ will remain in Boston and will be improved, and a large hall will be constructed with a view especially to its accommodation in the rear of the New England Conservatory of Music.

—A WALKING tour of six weeks in the mountains of Virginia is to be undertaken by five ladies and six gentlemen of high social standing in Washington. One of the ladies, who is married, will act as chaperon to her four virgin companions. A wagon will carry camp furniture, and a well-known artist



1. The Palace of Chapultepec, from below. 2. The "Compuesta" or Principal Gate of the Artillery Arsenal Grounds. 3. "Noche Triste" Tree, at Tacuba. 4. The Arrival of the Diligence. 5. Lassoing Horses in the Bull Ring. 6. Going to a Bull Fight at Tlalpan. 7. The Orier at the Gate of the Male Prison.

MEXICO.—IN AND AROUND THE CAPITAL CITY.—FROM SKETCHES BY H. A. OGDEN.—SEE PAGE 330.

A HISTORIC BUILDING.

We illustrate the present appearance of the historic building which was occupied by General Sherman during the siege of Vicksburg. The north side and the front of the building were badly punctured by flying "missiles of war" during the progress of the siege. One part of the building is now occupied as a residence; and another, for school purposes.



MISSISSIPPI.—PRESENT APPEARANCE OF THE BUILDING OCCUPIED BY GEN. SHERMAN DURING THE SIEGE OF VICKSBURG.—FROM A SKETCH BY H. J. LEWIS.

THE RESCUE OF A SHIPWRECKED CREW.

ON this page we picture the rescue of a portion of the crew of the American ship *Oracle*, which recently foundered at sea, by the London bark *Silurian*. The London *Daily News* thus narrates the story:

"The *Oracle*, Captain, S. H. Morrison, a ship of

be induced to go to Herschel Island for the remaining seventeen of the crew, and, with a favorable wind, he proceeded on his voyage to Valparaiso. After being twenty-eight days on board the *Bessel*, the seven men were landed at Valparaiso. Subsequently the English vessel *Silurian* passed the island and rescued the seventeen hands, taking them on to Valparaiso, where they were landed in safety."

COLONEL LORENZO GARCIA.

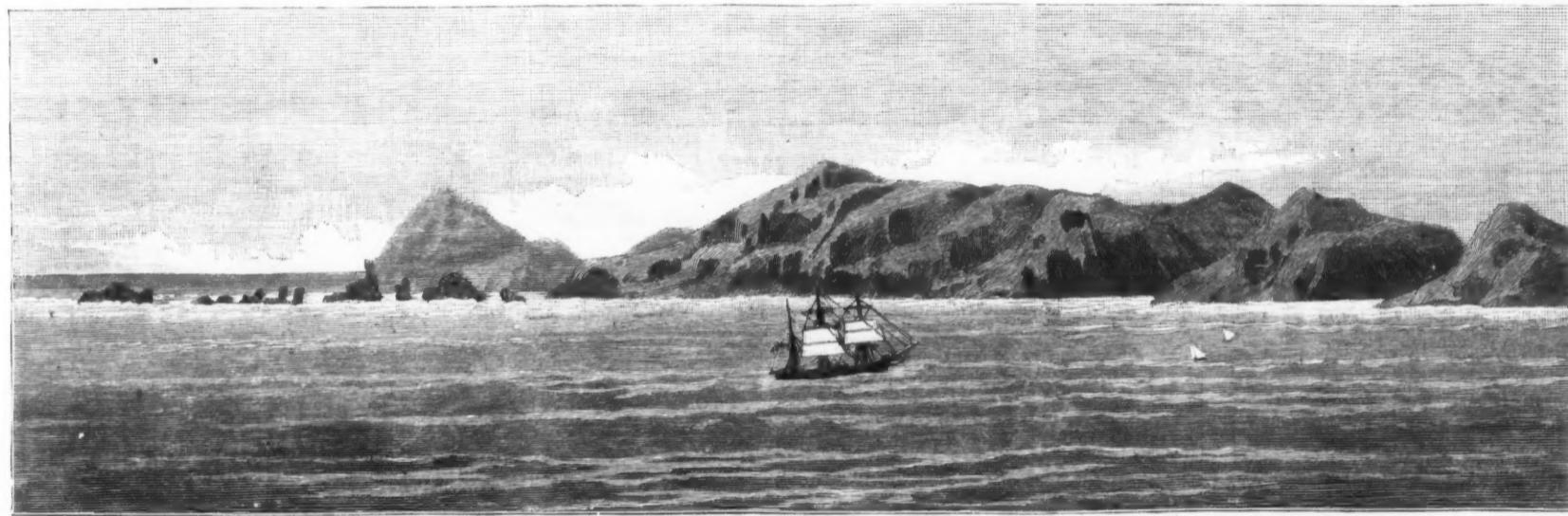
COLONEL LORENZO GARCIA, the gallant officer who fought and so severely punished the Apache chief "Juh" and his band of renegade warriors in their own stronghold in the Sierra Madres, Mexico, on the 25th of last April, has an honorable career and record for bravery and the Regular Mexican Army. He had achieved local distinction, long before he became distinguished abroad, by the splendid victory which he won over

the Apaches on the bloody field of battle at Los Alisos, when they rebelled and left the American Reservation of San Carlos, in Arizona, and went to Mexico to join the Apaches under "Juh," headed by two of their ablest chiefs, "Loco" and "Geronimo." This was one of the most obstinate and bloody contests known in Indian warfare, the Mexicans losing nearly one-third of their entire number in the engagement; but the Apache band was nearly exterminated, one hundred and fifty dead Indians being left on the field of battle. For this gallant victory the American residents of Sonora presented to Colonel Garcia one of the most costly swords that could be obtained in Europe. This was presented to him at the head of his regiment by the late Chief Engineer Morely, of the Sonora and Arizona Railway. Until very recently Colonel Garcia has been in chief command of the Mexican column in Sonora operating against the Apaches, and has always maintained a well-earned fighting prestige. During the war of the Empire he was a conspicuous officer in the Liberal Army, being severely wounded in one of the many battles in which he participated, and in another, taken prisoner. When paroled he again entered the war, taking command of a guerrilla band, and was one of the leading spirits who kept alive the contest during the darkest days of the Republic until victory crowned the Liberal arms. He is now Colonel of the Sixth Battalion, Mexican Army, and will soon again be called by his Government to assume his old command as chief of the column operating against the Indians. With Crook on this side of the line, and Garcia on the other, the hostiles must soon be subjugated.

THE CHURCH OF THE SAVIOUR, MOSCOW.

AMONG the events which marked the visit of the Czar to Moscow was the consecration of the now historical Cathedral of the Saviour, which took place in the presence of the whole of the Imperial family, and the *elite* of Russian and foreign society now in Moscow. To make the historical significance of the event more complete, there were present two or three veterans who, as very young men, witnessed the "heart of Russia" burn with ardent

berg, although not an architect by profession, managed, by dint of hard study, to produce a most original design, but was unfortunate in selecting his site for the structure. On the 24th of October, 1817, the foundation was laid with great pomp and solemnity by Alexander Paulovitch, attended by several foreign princes, on the slopes of the Sparrow-hills, from which Napoleon took his last look at the burning city. The work of building went on until the Emperor's death, when it came to a standstill, in consequence of a disagreement among the members of the Commission of Construction, and a general disbelief in the fitness of the position chosen for a building of such vast dimensions. Witberg, too, notwithstanding that he had been baptized into the Orthodox Church to avoid all cause of offending



RESCUE OF SEVENTEEN SHIPWRECKED SEAMEN OF THE AMERICAN SHIP "ORACLE" FROM A DESERT ISLAND, NEAR CAPE HORN.
FROM A SKETCH BY AN OFFICER OF THE "ORACLE."

some 1,500 tons, left San Francisco with a cargo of grain for New York in the early part of the present year. On the 6th of March heavy weather was encountered, and the tremendous seas which came over the vessel filled the decks, and portions of the bulwarks had to be cut away. The crew had to cling to the rigging to save their lives. Land was sighted on the following day, but no soundings could be taken, and the vessel subsequently got into the breakers and went ashore, although all that was possible was done to avert it. The crew then launched four boats, and after provisioning them, pulled for the shore. The provisions were landed, and the men were preparing to board the vessel to get a further supply, when she disappeared. By taking observations the captain found that he and his men were on Herschel Island. The island, which is about five miles long by one mile broad, was perfectly desolate and uninhabited. The men made tents of some sails they had, which was the only shelter available. The provisions were stored, and each man was allowed two biscuits and a little meat per diem. It was known that sealing-schooners visited the island, and each day a good lookout was kept for these vessels, but none were found. There were eight islands in the vicinity, and each day one was visited, with the hope of finding some friendly vessel. At last, one of the islands, known as the Wollaston, was visited by the captain, mate, and five of the crew, when they found two native families, apparently living in a wretched condition. They were in a perfect state of barbarism; but, nevertheless, treated the shipwrecked people with the utmost kindness, giving them what food they could. This consisted of mussels, fish and berries. The only particle of covering possessed by the natives was the skin of a seal. This was movable and was placed by the natives to cover that part of their bodies most exposed to the weather. It was very cold, a keen wind blowing across the island, accompanied by sleet and snow.

"Finally, the seven men again

patriotism against the invading legions of Napoleon I. in 1812. The history of the erection of this magnificent and imposing monument is a curious and interesting one. By special ukase of Alexander I., dated January 6th of the year following the expulsion of the French, both Russian and foreign architects were invited to compete for the construction of the present commemorative cathedral, and the choice of the Emperor fell upon the plans submitted by Witberg, the son of a Swede residing at St. Petersburg, and a member of the Academy of Arts. Wit-

Russian feeling, was always viewed with marked dislike by his colleagues, and was at last accused of wasting and misappropriating public money. The result was that in 1827 he and the other members of the commission were brought to trial and condemned to exile in Siberia. Several years afterwards Witberg returned to St. Petersburg, and died there penniless. Twenty-two years after the laying of the first stone on the Sparrow-hills, the foundation of the present cathedral, built after the design of the second architect, was laid on the bank of the river, nearer the Kremlin, by the Emperor Nicholas. The building, as it now stands, is of the usual Russian Byzantine order of architecture, and both in external and internal beauty and wealth of decoration is unsurpassed by any other cathedral in Russia, not excluding even that of St. Isaac's, in St. Petersburg. Its cost is calculated at 15,000,000 rubles.

THE WESTERN FLOODS.

THE annual June rise in the Mississippi was swollen this year into a most disastrous flood, the river reaching a higher point at St. Louis by Saturday, June 23d, than had been known before for twenty-five years. The water continued to rise during the early part of last week, and by Tuesday the bottom lands opposite St. Louis for fifty miles were submerged, and the damage to crops throughout this extent of rich agricultural country was estimated at over \$1,000,000. In this territory were situated the hamlets of Madison, Mitchell, Brooklyn, Venice and Nameoki, all of which were inundated, and between 2,000 and 3,000 families were driven from their homes. Some of these people sought refuge in St. Louis, many found shelter in East St. Louis, more went to Alton, while a large number fled to the bluffs, where they lived gypsy fashion, waiting for the flood to subside. Venice justified its name, only a small island being left in the flood to mark its site. At one time the current swept through Brooklyn at the rate of four



RUSSIA.—THE NEW CHURCH OF THE SAVIOUR, MOSCOW, ERECTED TO COMMEMORATE THE DELIVERANCE OF RUSSIA FROM THE FRENCH IN 1812.



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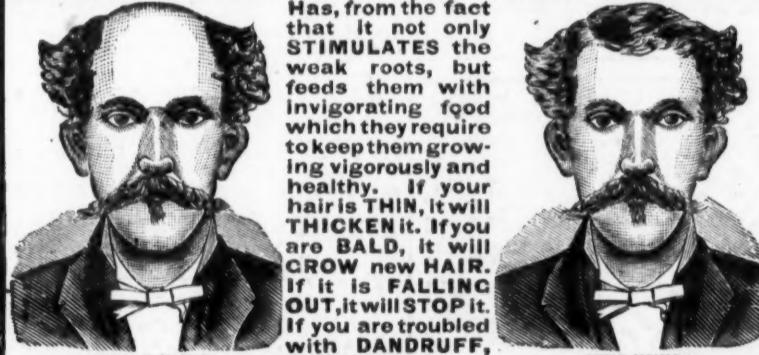
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